

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 2936.—VOL. CVII.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1895.

TWO WHOLE SHEETS } SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6*½*d.



THE GENERAL ELECTION: A NIGHT SCENE IN FLEET STREET.

Fleet Street at night was the scene of the wildest political excitement. Crowds of people assembled to ascertain the results of the polls exhibited outside the newspaper offices. The supporters of the rival parties cheered vociferously and groaned vigorously as occasion demanded.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The difference between the General Election of to-day and that of a hundred years ago is very great; the means used are less discreditable, the expenses much reduced—indeed, by comparison, it may be said to a minimum—and bad eggs are not advertised for platform use. But the “squibs” remain pretty much as they were; if they were not used for election purposes, which secures the admiration at least of one side, they would be pronounced to be a little damp. Sometimes they are actually the same squib. A few months ago it was said that one railway-carriage would hold the whole of the Scotch Conservative members. In 1796 we read—“The Marquis of Lansdowne’s carriage conveyed the whole phalanx of opposition in the House of Lords to their respective homes after the debate of Friday night, and even then one corner of the coach was unoccupied.” Again, “All the members of the Opposition, in both Houses of Parliament, are to have a grand civic feast on Saturday next. Dinner is bespoke for FOURTEEN!” In these days we do not resort to conundrums to strengthen a political course, but the *Times* of the same date as above publishes no less than a dozen of them; they are all poor beyond belief: “Why are the members of the Opposition like the live stock of a register office? Because they *want places*”—the last two words in italics that the joke should not be missed. The Stockbridge election resulted in eighty-four actions for bribery, the penalties sued for being forty-two thousand pounds. The expense of a contest was in curious contrast to the number of electors. For Launceston, Cornwall, the numbers were as follows—

Candidates, Hon. Mr. Rawdon and Mr. Brogden...	12
, Dalkeith and Garthshore ...	11

This contest here was a hard fought battle between the Duke of Northumberland and the Duke of Buccleuch. Both parties have spent a great deal of money, but the former has carried the day.—*Times*, June 6, 1796.

SHREWSBURY ELECTION.—The state of the poll on Monday was as follows: Sir W. Pulteney, 1607; John Hill, Esq., 834; Hon. W. Hill, 832. The election, it is thought, will cost Sir Richard Hill £100,000. The expense to each party is about £1000 per day.—*Times*, June 9, 1796.

In these philanthropic times, when the schemes for old-age pensions, work for the unemployed, and provision for the poor occupy the attention of both political parties, it is interesting to read what was done in this direction a hundred years ago, when, in consequence of the war, bread was fifteenpence the quatern loaf, and meat, except by the rich, unattainable. Some of the devices recommended or employed for cheapening these articles of food seem fanciful; but it is impossible to doubt that our ancestors, in spite of their barbarous criminal code, were by no means unmoved by the sufferings of their poorer brethren. A number of peers sign a public undertaking to prohibit in their families and households the consumption of fine wheaten bread, and also the use of flour in all dishes. His Majesty’s Ministers are requested by the Lord Mayor and Common Council to prohibit the use of hair powder in the army. “Individuals in affluent circumstances are earnestly requested, with the view of reducing the high price of provisions, to have fish at dinner as often as possible, to sit down with a determined resolution to eat only of one kind of butcher’s meat, to forbid the use of pastry in their own house and to decline the use of it at any other table, to cut the bread themselves at their own table, making their servants sensible that they do so from a regard to the comforts of the poor and not from penurious views; also not to use bread of the same day’s baking, since, on a fair calculation, four stale loaves are equal to five new ones.” The City Companies all leave off their annual feasts, except the Stationers’ Company, who, with the like want of solicitude for others, still decline to enter the titles of books by their names, and cause authors endless trouble and expense. “They,” says the *Times*, “still have their feast, and having determined, in consequence of the scarcity of flour, to abolish pies, content themselves with venison pasties, which consume flour enough for fifty pies. We have not yet heard of this Company having contributed anything to the relief of the poor.” One curious result of the dearness of provisions is that “there are few schools of repute that have not raised their terms at least five guineas a year.” The King gives orders that the bread for his table should be made of meal and rye mixed, the same as his servants use. The Margrave of Ansprach “sets a princely example of economy: his table is furnished by contract, and the daily expense is limited to half a guinea a head.”

In London the Court of Aldermen had power to fix the price of the quatern loaf, the effect of which was to tempt the bakers to use short weights, whereupon the Justices of the Peace make surprise visits to the shops, and fine the offenders five shillings an ounce for all that is short of the standard. A saving is announced of twenty-five per cent. in oats by mixing them with chaff in Thrall’s new house, which no doubt helped to make that fortune which Dr. Johnson describes as beyond the dreams of avarice. Amid all these economical devices it is sad to find that everything else is made to rise in price in harmony with the necessities of life, without the same excuse for it. “The season has been favourable to grazing, and the war cannot extend its

influence to our dairies, yet butter and milk have shamefully advanced, and should be made subject to the same regulations as bread and beer.” It was at this time (1795) that a now well-known vegetable was first introduced to the London market, though not, one fears, at a cheap rate, namely sea-kale. “The nobility and gentry are respectfully informed that the small quantity the importer has at his disposal will be sold at Covent Garden Market daily, fresh cut, for the short period it may last. Printed directions for dressing it are tied up with each bundle.”

A suggestion has been made—and not too soon—that when employers advertise for workmen, or helpers of any description, they should put just one more advertisement in when their wishes have been accomplished. This would save hundreds of persons eager for places, and suffering from the direst poverty, the bitterness of disappointment. The employer must be poor indeed who cannot perform so obvious a duty, and to neglect it seems the very height of selfishness. It is no use to paste up “All engaged” on their doors after the day has been lost which might have been spent in applications elsewhere; the old shoes have been worn out upon fruitless journeys. “We have little doubt,” says a charitable commentator, “that persons omit to adopt this plan, not from motives of economy, but simply because they never think of it.” But that is equivalent to saying that they never think of those they have disappointed. When any well-principled householder has obtained the servant he desires from a registry office, he surely, were it but for the sake of his front-door bell, gives notice that his want is supplied. But the selfishness of human nature no plummet has ever sounded. Even the writing the reply to a letter, and the penny to pay for the postage, are grudged by half the Christian public. If a verbal interrogation of consequence to the querist is made, we consider it rude to remain silent, but we do not hesitate to commit this act of courtesy in another form. We can hardly ignore the pleading voice when addressed to the ear, but when its words are written we disregard them. When a letter of business is not replied to there is generally a reason for it. The person to whom it is addressed is probably contemplating some form of fraud, and to answer it would endanger his position. But where other matters are concerned we have no such excuse, and silence is only another name for selfishness. Napoleon used to let his letters lie unopened for weeks, and boasted that in that time he found that one half of them had answered themselves; but Napoleon was absolutely indifferent to the interests and feelings of other people.

I am a poor man, but I would give something handsome to a hospital if I could persuade persons of the literary profession not to write about their “Art.” Think of Scott or Fielding wasting their noble powers upon such a thankless subject! I notice that gentlemen who take up this pursuit select the longest words to be found in the dictionary, and then proceed to weave them into the most abstruse form, as though it were a branch of metaphysics. From a recent discussion upon that entrancing subject, “Realism in Fiction,” veteran novelists will learn for the first time what they have been doing all their lives, like the French gentleman who discovered to his amazement that he had been talking prose. One story-teller, indeed, has the good sense to remark that he has never written the words “naturalism” or “realism,” and hardly knows (the “hardly” is charming) what either of them means; but he adds that he does not believe in “enregistments,” a word which opens a new vista of ignorance to the present writer. Another novelist (a good one when he is practising his art instead of writing about it) alarms us by the initiatory observation that “of the larger aspects of Realism a volume might be written.” He is, however, so good as to let us off with a description of the “finer” (but, I suppose, smaller) Realism. “It is,” it seems, “but a development of the older conception dictated by the needs of our growth, which, whatever may be the fashion of the moment, can never permit the exclusion of the Ideal.” I suppose it gives some people pleasure to write like this, but I cannot conceive anybody taking pleasure in reading it. Dickens has anticipated this remarkable discussion in his description of the meeting of “the two LLs” with Mrs. Hominy: “Mind and Matter glide swift into the vortex of immensity. Hails the Sublime and softly Sleeps the calm Ideal in the whispering chambers of the Imagination.”

It is, I suppose, from the want of a subject to write upon that two contributors to the current reviews have set themselves to work to pull to pieces Fenimore Cooper and Scott. In the first case the article is professedly humorous, and since Mark Twain is the author of it, it can hardly be free from drollery. It strikes one, however, that he might be better employed than in ridiculing by far the most interesting novelist his country has produced. There is nothing easier than to “make fun”—of a certain sort—of Shakspere and even the Bible; but it is not a commendable thing to do. “It is a restful chapter in any book of Cooper’s when somebody doesn’t step on a dry twig and alarm all the reds and whites for two hundred yards around. Every time a Cooper person is in peril and absolute silence is worth four dollars a minute, he is sure to step on a dry twig. There may be a hundred harder things to step on; but that wouldn’t satisfy Cooper. Cooper:

requires him to turn out and find a dry twig; and if he can’t do it, go and borrow one.” It is not to be denied that this is funny; but it is not “pretty,” and no one, let us hope, by this time is more ready to own it than the writer. Another review has apparently hit upon the device of discovering what is thought of fiction at Hanwell. The lunatics are numerous, and it may be interesting to some people to learn the opinion of so large if eccentric a body upon the works of Sir Walter Scott. A spokesman has, fortunately, been found (probably in the padded room) who will gratify the most exacting taste for literary “freaks” and “curios.” Here is an extract from his criticism: “Dickens, with all his buffooneries, knew how to manipulate history more adroitly than Scott, as may be seen from a perusal of those two curious but not entirely unmeritorious works, ‘Barnaby Rudge’ and ‘A Tale of Two Cities.’ . . . Scott is superficial. . . . His works are clumsily written in a diffuse and disjointed style. The historical ones [such as “Quentin Durward” and “Ivanhoe,” I suppose] are nothing better than mediæval upholstery.” The critic is not so eccentric but that he appeals to the “verdict of posterity,” like any other, and decides that the “once famous Waverley Novels” will not be read in the twentieth century.

English novelists have chosen many far away and little-known scenes for their stories, but I do not remember that any has selected Borneo. The author of “Almayer’s Folly” has therefore the advantage of untrdden ground and characters of a new race, and he has made excellent use of his opportunity. Almayer is a white man—upon which fact he greatly prides himself—who has married for money a Malay girl, the adopted daughter of a man little better than a pirate, but thought to possess great wealth. He dies, however, leaving nothing behind him, and Almayer finds himself mated with a savage and a pauper. This ill-matched pair have one daughter, Nina, to whom her father is devoted. She is very beautiful, and he looks forward to her marrying some European of importance and rehabilitating the family fortunes. In the meantime he becomes poorer and poorer, and sees his hateful rivals, the Arab traders, taking all business out of his hands. He has sent Nina to the Straits Settlements to be educated, and has no comfort except in the gin-bottle. Suddenly Nina returns, her proud spirit unable to brook the insults cast upon her on the ground of her parentage: the whites of the settlement would have none of the half-caste. Among the Arabs, on the other hand, she is greatly admired; the Rajah asks her in marriage for his nephew, Reshid, the young man having several wives already. Almayer was nearly having a fit, and would have taken Abdulla by the throat and strangled him, but for his own helpless position. He is obliged to temporise. Yet when he tells his daughter what has happened, she exhibits no sense of shame at the Rajah’s proposition. “Almayer felt a nameless fear cross into his heart, making him shiver.” His daughter has none of the instincts of a white girl. Presently Almayer begins to have close commercial relations with a young Malay, Dain. He is handsome and brave, and Nina and he fall in love with one another. Assisted by her mother, who detests the whites, she elopes with him, and is pursued for other reasons by the traders. The pair are overtaken by Almayer, alone, when a most dramatic scene ensues—

“Do you know what you are doing, Nina? Do you know what is waiting for you if you follow that man? Have you no pity for yourself? Do you know that you shall be at first his plaything and then a scorned slave, a drudge, and a servant of some new fancy of that man!”

She raised her hand to stop him, and turning her head slightly, asked, “You hear this, Dain! Is it true?”

“By all the gods!” came the impassioned answer from the darkness—“by Heaven and Earth, by my head and thine, I swear this is a white man’s lie. I have delivered my soul into your hands for ever; I breathe with your breath, I see with your eyes, I think with your mind, and I take you into my heart for ever.”

“You thief!” shouted the exasperated Almayer.

A deep silence succeeded this outburst, then the voice of Dain was heard again.

“Nay, Tuan,” he said in a gentle tone, “that is not true also. The girl came of her own free will. I have done no more but to show her my love like a man; she heard the cry of my heart, and she came, and the dowry I have given to the woman you call your wife.”

It is amazing with what tender pathos the author has endowed this sordid, gin-drinking old father; the break-up of all his schemes, the terrible disgrace and disappointment of his daughter’s behaviour, have a somewhat similar effect on him that a different class of misfortunes had upon King Lear.

“I cannot” [consent to this arrangement], he muttered to himself. After a long pause he spoke again, a little lower, but in an unsteady voice. “It would be too great a disgrace. I am a white man.” He broke down completely there, and went on tearfully, “I am a white man, and of good family. Very good family,” he repeated. . . . “I will never forgive you, Nina—never. If you were to come back to me now, the memory of this night would poison all my life. I shall try to forget. I have no daughter. There used to be a half-caste woman in my house, but she is going even now. You, Dain, or whatever your name may be, I shall take you and that woman to the island at the mouth of the river myself. Come with me.”

And thus Almayer saves Dain’s life from his pursuers at the sacrifice of his own dearest hopes. This is but one incident in a story full of incident and picturesque description; it is brilliant, striking, and original, and holds the reader from first to last.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Street scenes in London during the progress of elections are always entertaining. In the present case the excitement cannot be compared with that of 1892 or 1885. In 1885 the unexpected overthrow of the Liberal party in the boroughs was followed by a long roll of Liberal victories in the counties. In 1892 the question whether Mr. Gladstone would get a sufficient majority kept the interest at fever heat for a fortnight. This time, however, the election was a foregone conclusion after the first two days, and the steady piling up of the Unionist majority has robbed the scenes in Fleet Street, at the National Liberal Club, and the office of the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the element that appeals most strongly to the sportsman. From the early polls it was plain that there was no uncertainty in this struggle. All the same, the appearance of the figures has provided an evening's amusement for large crowds, whose political sympathies have been distinctly on the winning side. At the National Liberal Club, for example, the spectators were predominantly Unionist, a circumstance that struck a chill into the members who sat gloomily in the smoking-room. For whatever reason, London has gone Tory, and this sentiment has found vociferous expression in the nightly gatherings. Even in the daytime it has scarcely been repressed by the decorum of the traffic, and excited gentlemen have burst into thanksgiving by sudden inspiration.

THE WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT BISLEY.

The concluding great event of the annual meeting of the National Rifle Association on Bisley Common, on Saturday, July 20, was the final stage of the series of competitions at different ranges for the Queen's Prize of £250, with the Gold Medal of the Association and the Gold Badge of the Championship. These rewards and honours are, on the present occasion, for the first time in thirty-five years since they were instituted, won by a Canadian, whose victory has been frankly and cheerfully hailed by the assembled riflemen of England and Scotland, while it has aroused such public gratification in that loyal colony, so firmly attached to the British Empire, that Lord Aberdeen, the Governor-General, has sent a special telegram of congratulation to the winner. He is, indeed, a native of the North of England, Mr. Hayhurst, twenty-seven years of age, born at Kendal in Westmorland, who emigrated to Canada no longer ago than 1892; he resides at the town of Hamilton, in Ontario, is a pattern-maker by trade, and is a private in the 13th Battalion of Canadian Rifle Volunteers. From 1886 to the date of his emigration he attended the Wimbledon and Bisley meetings, and in 1889 won the Prince of Wales's Prize.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their two unmarried daughters, on Monday, July 22, visited the well-known hospital in Gray's Inn Road, which has always been favoured with the patronage of the royal family. Its buildings, which comprised a projecting north wing, erected in 1855 as a memorial to the late Duke of Sussex, and a south wing, built in 1877, named after Queen Victoria, with a connecting block at the rear of an open quadrangle, have now been enlarged by constructing a front central block, joining the advanced fronts of the two side blocks, in a line with the street. This is to be called the Alexandra Building, in honour of the Princess of Wales; it adds room for a hundred and sixty beds, and is a well-designed structure, which has cost about £30,000. The architect is Mr. W. Harvey. Their Royal Highnesses were received by the Earl of Lathom, vice-president, and by Mr. Charles Burt, chairman of the board of managers; and the Princess of Wales declared the new building opened for its charitable purpose.

RAMBLING SKETCHES: WELLS.

Somersetshire, between the parallel ranges of the Mendip and the Polden Hills, which enclose a spacious tract of country sloping to the Bristol Channel at Weston-super-Mare, affords to the Rambling Artist much variety of picturesque scenery. The Mendips, which rise to 1000 ft. high, present fine limestone cliffs at Cheddar, and singular

of Bishop Jocelyne, from 1206 to 1242, including the west front and the nave; the Lady Chapel, and the Chapter-house, erected in the fifteenth century by Bishop Beckington, which are in the English Decorated style; and the clerestory, as well as the towers and the cloisters, of somewhat later date. The west front displays a hundred and fifty statues, ranged in nine tiers, representing Christ and the Apostles, angels, saints, kings and queens, bishops, nobles, ladies, and knights who were benefactors of the Church, with minor sculptured groups of Scripture incidents. The interior effect of the choir is magnificent, with an east window of coloured glass much to be admired. In the adjacent Close are the Deanery, a stately mansion four centuries old, and the ruins of the Bishop's Palace, with fortified walls, moat, and gate-house like any other baronial castle. The entrances to the Close, at Chain Gate and at Pennyless Porch, erected about 1460 by Bishop Beckington, attract the notice of visitors. It would be well to devote the next day to Glastonbury Abbey.

HOME FOR CONVALESCENT CHILDREN, BROADSTAIRS.

The "Yarrow" Home at the seaside is for the accommodation of fifty boys and fifty girls, recovering from the effects of severe illness, whose parents can pay five shillings a week towards the cost of their maintenance, during a stay expected to average about three weeks. It is thus intended to be partly a self-supporting institution, and its benefits will be administered with a view to the character and situation of deserving and respectable middle-class families who cannot afford the expense of seaside lodgings, but who are not the objects of ordinary public charities. Children who have been affected with any contagious or infectious disease, or who still require active medical or surgical treatment, or whose maladies are incurable, will not be admitted. The building, shown in our Illustration, faces the sea at the south side of Broadstairs, and its grounds have an area of ten acres, pleasantly and conveniently laid out. The architects were Messrs. Davis and Emanuel, 2, Finsbury Circus.

AMERICAN RACING YACHT "DEFENDER."

The vessel which has been specially designed and constructed by Mr. Herreshoff, off Rhode Island, United States, with a view to "defend" the American championship of the yacht-racing world against Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie III.*, in the expected sailing match off Sandy Hook, outside the entrance to New York harbour, appointed for an early day in September, has already proved her extraordinary speed and sea-going

capabilities in several matches with the famous *Vigilant*, of the New York Yacht Club. Her peculiar design is the result of profound and exact calculations, which seem likely to be verified by her future general performances, whatever may be the result of the approaching international contest. So much depends on these occasions upon the accidents of wind and weather that it is never safe to predict beforehand the victory of one yacht over another in any particular race; but the *Defender* has extraordinary merits and will certainly obtain great renown. In the last race with the *Vigilant*, on July 22, she again showed her superiority, more especially whenever the breeze freshened, and she listed little. She has improved in pointing. The crew are not yet perfectly trained. When racing from the line at the start the *Defender*, which was pointing diagonally with the *Vigilant* on her port bow, forced the latter to luff, and thus to lose a few seconds. The *Vigilant* consequently displayed the protest flag. The *Defender* has not yet been tried in a stiff breeze. The course over which these trial races of the *Defender* and the *Vigilant* have been sailed is a triangular one of

thirty miles, the sides of the triangle being equal, ten miles in length, starting from the Scotland Light-ship. Some of the New York yachting connoisseurs recommend that the *Defender* be furnished with a longer boom and larger sails, but the owners have not decided, hitherto, upon complying with this advice.



PRIVATE HAYHURST, 13TH BATTALION OF CANADIAN RIFLES, HAMILTON, ONTARIO,
WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT BISLEY.
WITH MEDAL, BADGE, AND CHEQUE.

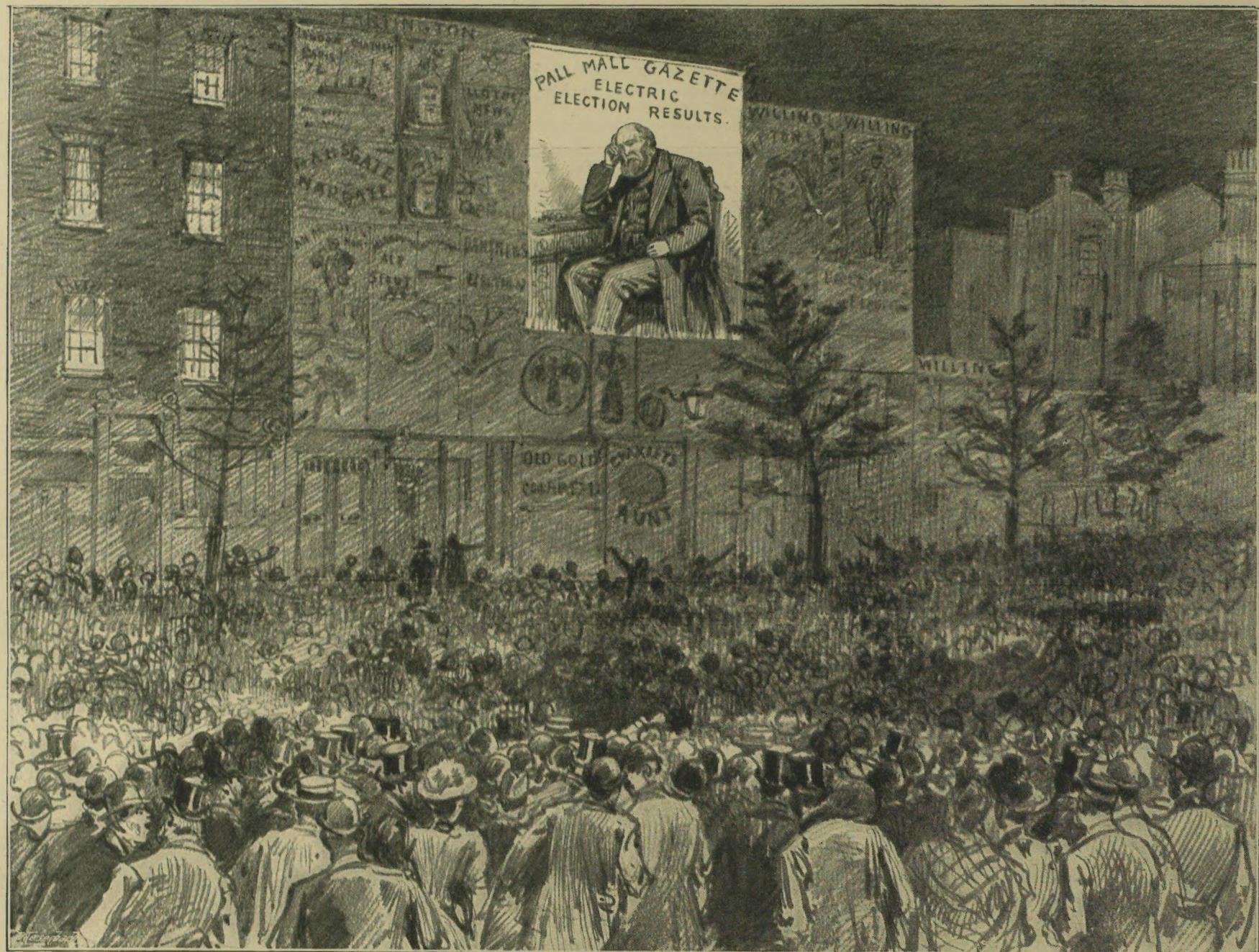
caverns such as Wookey Hole; with distant views, looking either seaward or across the plains of the Parrett to the Quantock Hills and Exmoor. Two small but interesting old towns, Wells and Glastonbury, within six miles of each other, may be commended to the lover of ecclesiastical antiquities. Wells has not been distin-



NEW BUILDINGS OF THE ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL, GRAY'S INN ROAD, OPENED BY
THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, JULY 22.

guished by any important action of English political or military history, but is a little city which has, like Salisbury and others, grown up around the residence of a Bishop; and its Cathedral, though not large, is one of the most beautiful and complete structures of its kind. Its chief architectural features are the Early English building

THE GENERAL ELECTION.



OUTSIDE THE OFFICE OF THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE," CHARING CROSS ROAD



SCENE OF EXCITEMENT OUTSIDE THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: HEROES OF THE CONFLICT.



Photo A. and G. Taylor.
H. C. RICHARDS.—C.
East Finsbury.
Defeated J. Rowlands.
2260 to 1990.



Photo R. Slingsby.
G. L. WANKLYN.—U.
Central Bradford.
Defeated Rt. Hon. Shaw-Lefevre.
4024 to 3983.



Photo R. Slingsby.
C. H. SEELY.—U.
Lincoln.
Defeated W. Crosfield.
3808 to 3590.



Photo J. White.
D. F. GODDARD.—L.
Ipswich.
Defeated Sir C. Dalrymple.
4396 to 4293.



Photo Russell and Sons.
H. BYRON REED.—U.
East Bradford.
Defeated W. S. Caine.
5843 to 5139.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
F. FAITHFULL BEGG.—C.
Glasgow, St. Rollox.
Defeated Sir J. Carmichael.
4561 to 4200.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
W. T. SHARPE.—C.
North Kensington.
Defeated F. C. Frye.
7829 to 2913.

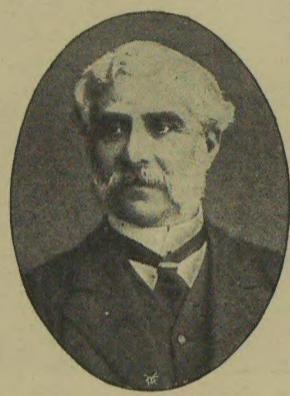


Photo W. W. Winter.
H. BEMROSE.—C.
Derby.
Defeated Sir W. Harcourt.
7907 to 6785.

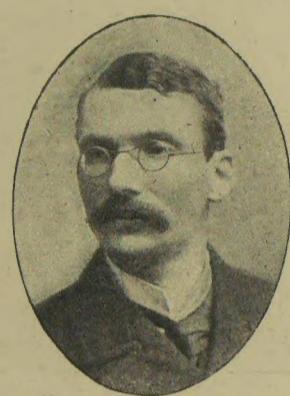


Photo W. W. Winter.
J. A. GRETTON.—C.
South Derbyshire.
Defeated H. E. Broad.
6104 to 5217.



Photo F. M. Ramell.
F. G. BARNES.—U.
Faversham Division, Kent.
Defeated S. Barrow.
5738 to 4557.



Photo Bassano.
A. G. DRUCKER.—C.
Northampton (2).
Defeated E. Harford.
3820 to 3703.



Photo J. Bacon.
W. T. DOXFORD.—U.
Sunderland.
Defeated S. Storey.
9833 to 8189.



Photo Russell and Sons.
C. T. GILES.—C.
Wisbech Division, Cambridgeshire.
Defeated Hon. A. Brand.
4368 to 4145.



Photo Maull and Fox.
M. BHOWNAGREE.—U.
North-East Bethnal Green.
Defeated G. Howell.
2591 to 2431.



Photo Fradelle and Young.
ERNEST GRAY.—C.
West Ham (North Division).
Defeated Archibald Grove.
5635 to 4931.

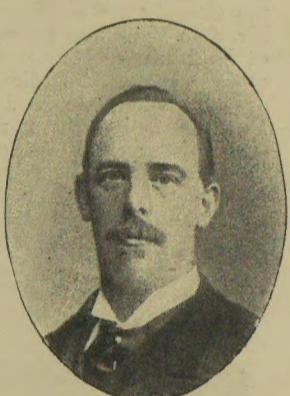


Photo Wallery.
J. MASSEY-MAINWARING.—U.
Central Finsbury.
Defeated D. Naoroji.
3588 to 2783.



Photo C. A. Jackson.
J. F. OSWALD.—C.
Oldham (2).
Defeated Adam Lee.
12,465 to 12,249.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
LORD HUGH CECIL.—C.
Greenwich.
Defeated G. C. Whiteley.
4802 to 3564.



Photo W. W. Winter.
GEOFFREY DRAGE.—C.
Derby.
Defeated Sir W. Harcourt.
7076 to 6785.



Photo C. Gould and Co.
SIR J. B. SIMEON.—U.
Southampton.
Defeated Sir H. F. Evans.
5413 to 5167.



Photo Mrs. E. Moss.
H. WHITELEY.—U.
Ashton-under-Lyne.
Defeated W. Woods.
3436 to 2650.



Photo Mayall and Co.
COLONEL FOSTER.—C.
Lancaster.
Defeated I. S. Leadam.
5028 to 4394.



Photo J. Weston and Sons.
J. COMPTON RICKETT.—L.
Scarborough.
Defeated Sir G. Sitwell.
2415 to 2391.



Photo Barrauds.
J. C. BIGHAM.—U.
Exchange Ward, Liverpool.
Defeated W. B. Bowring.
2884 to 2630.



Photo J. Bacon.
W. D. CRUDDAS.—C.
Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Defeated John Morley.
12,170 to 11,862.



Photo Walery.
H. H. MARKS.—C.
Tower Hamlets, St. George's.
Defeated J. W. Benn.
1583 to 1579.

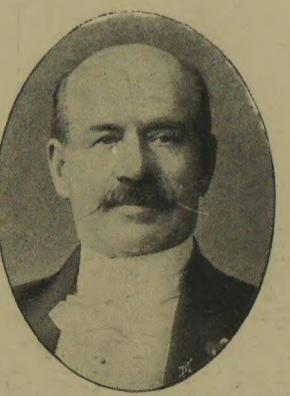


Photo Harrison.
F. J. HORNIMAN.—L.
Penryn and Falmouth.
Defeated W. Cavendish Bentinck.
7750 to 7707.



Photo W. Page.
G. J. GOSCHEN, JUN.—U.
East Grinstead Division, Sussex.
Defeated C. H. Corbett.
3731 to 2874.

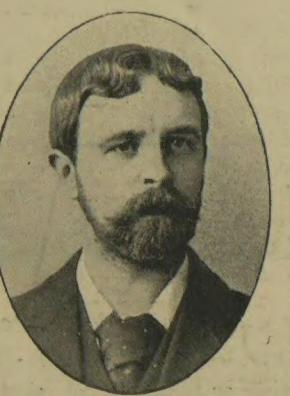


Photo Cox and Co.
J. F. YOXALL.—L.
West Nottingham.
Defeated A. G. Sparrow.
6088 to 5575.

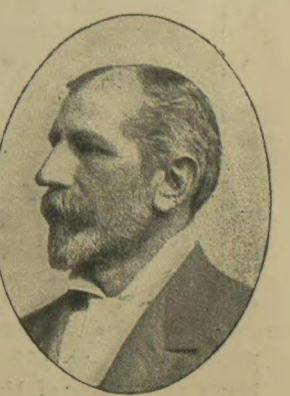


Photo Drury Stowe.
C. GUY PYM.—C.
Bedford.
Defeated S. H. Whitbread.
1976 to 1810.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, on Monday, July 22, accompanied by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and three children of Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, left Windsor Castle for Osborne House in the Isle of Wight. The departure of Her Majesty from Windsor, which had been fixed last week for the Friday, was deferred in order that she might there receive the gentlemen upon whom she has conferred knighthood, and that she might also receive the farewell visit of the Afghan Shahzada. At the first-mentioned ceremony, on July 19, Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg) accompanied the Queen, when nineteen newly appointed Knights, amongst whom were Sir Henry Irving, Sir Walter Besant, Sir Lewis Morris, Sir W. M. Conway, and Sir W. Howard Russell, were introduced to her Majesty. The Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury and the Duke of Devonshire dined with her Majesty on July 18. The Grand Duchess of Hesse and Princess Ferdinand of Roumania have visited the Queen at Osborne.

On Saturday, July 20, the Afghan Prince, Nasrullah Khan, the Shahzada, arrived at Windsor Castle, and was met by Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Prince Henry of Battenberg, who conducted him to the Queen's presence. Her Majesty was accompanied by Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice. Lord George Hamilton was present as Secretary of State for India, with Sir Gerald Seymour Fitzgerald, Political Aide-de-Camp. Lieutenant-Colonel Talbot acted as interpreter, with the Munshi Hafiz Abdul Karim, her Majesty's Indian Secretary. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg have gone to Germany.

The Prince and Princess of Wales on Monday, July 22, with Princesses Victoria and Maud, opened the new front building of the Royal Free Hospital in Gray's Inn Road, where they were received by the Earl of Lathom, vice-president, in the absence of the Marquis of Dufferin, president of that institution, and by Mr. Charles Burt, chairman of the board of managers, the Rev. C. J. Parker, chaplain, and others. A separate notice of this extension of the hospital is given with our Illustration.

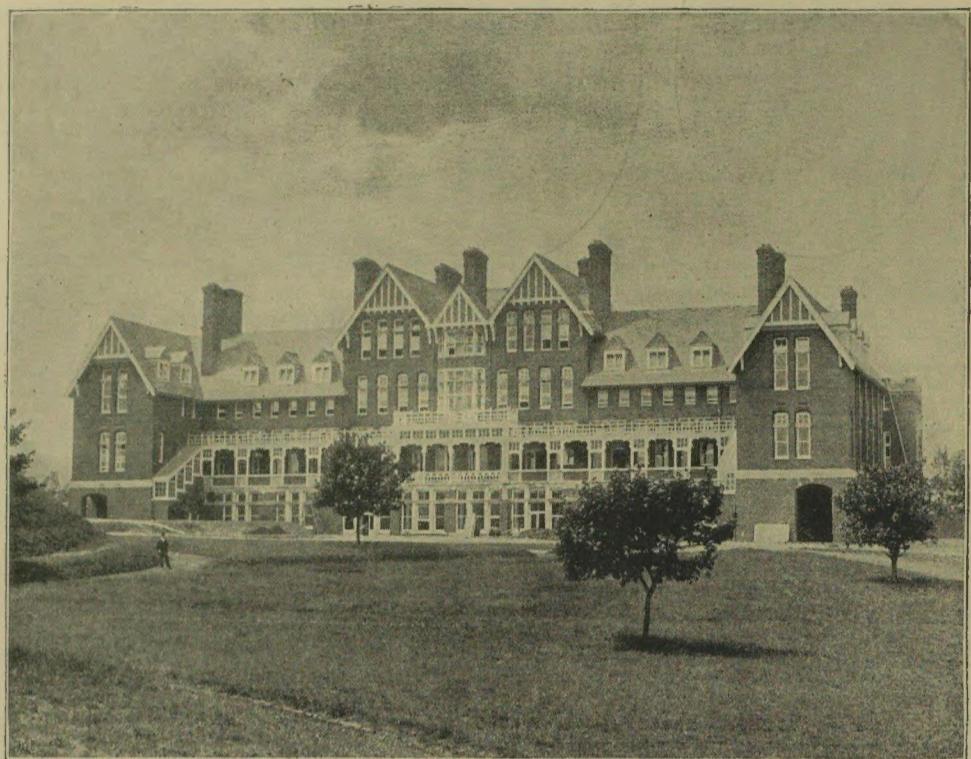
The Duke and Duchess of York have gone to Aldershot Camp on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

The General Parliamentary Election, all over England and Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, has, of course, occupied public attention to the exclusion of every other topic. The chief speakers at political meetings have been Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Goschen, and Sir William Harcourt; but the voting has been more regarded than the speaking. On Wednesday, July 17, there were unopposed returns for twenty-one county constituencies; there was polling in sixty-six boroughs and divisions of counties; and the results of nine polls taken on the day before were announced. The Unionists, so far as the returns were known on the Wednesday evening, had got 270 members, being 230 Conservatives and 40 Liberal-Unionists supporting Lord Salisbury's Government; while the Opposition, including 67 Liberals or Radicals, six Irish Parnellites, and 28 Irish Anti-Parnellite Home Rulers, were just over 100. Sir William Harcourt, having lost his seat at Derby, appeared as a candidate for West Monmouthshire. On Thursday the remainder of the London and

88 Liberals, 43 Irish Anti-Parnellite and 6 Parnellite Home Rulers, and one Labour candidate elected. Saturday added 53 new members, bringing the account of party strength to 347 Unionists, 104 English, Scotch, and Welsh Liberals or Radicals, and 57 Irish Home Rulers. Another member of Lord Rosebery's Ministry—namely, Mr. G. W. E. Russell—lost his seat in the Biggleswade division of Bedfordshire. Mr. R. B. Finlay, Q.C., elected for the Inverness Burghs, and Sir Richard Webster, Q.C., for the Isle of Wight, would be valuable aids, with their distinction as lawyers, to the new Government. Lord Dalkeith won a seat in Roxburghshire, and Mr. Goschen's son was elected for the East Grinstead division of Sussex. The state of affairs on Monday evening, July 22, when 530 members had been returned, was rather less unsatisfactory for the Liberals and Irish Home Rulers, who then numbered together 177 members of the future House of Commons, while the Conservatives were 300, and the Liberal Unionists 53. On Tuesday the polls declared gave the Unionists a further neat gain of five seats. Of the 559 members then returned, 364 were Unionists, 129

Liberals or Radicals, 56 Irish Anti-Parnellites, 9 Parnellites, and one a Labour representative. Sir William Harcourt was elected for West Monmouthshire by a majority of 5287. Mr. Tom Mann lost his seat for the Colne Valley division of Yorkshire. Up to Wednesday morning, 72 of the combined Liberal-Radical and Irish parties, followers of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery in the last Parliament, had been rejected by their former constituencies, and fifteen of the Unionists, supporters of Lord Salisbury, had failed in seeking re-election; while 155 new members had been elected: 18 for the metropolis, 57 for English provincial boroughs, 43 for English county divisions, 13 for Scotland, 10 for Ireland, and 10 for Wales. There remained at that date, Wednesday, July 24, 111 seats yet to be filled in the new House of Commons.

of artificial lighting, and of the public markets, which matters were beneficially dealt with by municipal authorities in other large towns and cities. He observed, however, that the financial practice of local government was to make a grand total of the estimated expenditure, and then to levy the necessary rates; this was opposed to the general practice of the Imperial Government, in which expenditure was controlled by revenue, so



YARROW HOME FOR CONVALESCENT CHILDREN, BROADSTAIRS.

See "Our Illustrations."

that the Treasury has often refused applications from departments of State. He considered that the control of the Finance Committee over the estimates of the London County Council might well be strengthened. They had endeavoured to get Parliament to allow the London County Council's stock to be of a permanent character, so as not to be obliged to redeem it at a particular date, and that the County Council should make loans to other local authorities in London at the lowest rate of interest. He thought there was a general agreement of opinion in favour of setting up mayors and councils in all the large parishes of London; and the conditions of amalgamation, including the City Corporation, would soon be arranged by consent. Sir Arthur Arnald went on to notice separately the work of the Asylums, Bridges, Main Drainage, Fire Brigade, Parks and Open Spaces, Public Health and Housing, Theatres and Music-halls Committees, and the Technical Education Board.

The Revenue returns from April 1 to July 20 are satisfactory, the receipts being £27,935,196 against £25,272,930 in the corresponding period of last year, with a net expenditure of £31,400,510, slightly below that of last year at the same period; the Treasury balances amounting to £2,360,222.

The insurrection in Macedonia seems not yet to be subdued, as there have been further conflicts with the Turkish troops, and orders have been given for the mobilisation of 20,000 more of the Third Army Corps at Monastir. Bulgaria is in a very disturbed condition.

The Spanish naval squadron, under command of Rear-Admiral Martinez de Espinosa, consisting of the first-class battle-ship *Pelayo*, the armoured cruiser *Infanta Maria Teresa*, and the unarmoured cruiser *Marques de la Ensenada*, arrived at Plymouth from Cherbourg on Saturday, July 20, and has been received with due official and municipal courtesies. The British naval authorities, Admiral Sir Algernon Lyons, Admiral Sir W. Dowell, and Rear-Admiral Church, the captains of her Majesty's ships at that port, and the officers of Devonport and Keyham Dockyards, have entertained the Spanish naval officers, and have shown them all the naval establishments there and at Stonehouse. The Mayor of Plymouth, Mr. W. Law, with the other members of the Corporation, have given hospitable banquets to the officers, and to nearly three hundred seamen, from the Spanish squadron; and the Queen has telegraphed from Osborne a message of hearty welcome.

The French expedition in Madagascar, under command of General Duchesne, has reached a place called Andiadie, a few miles north of Suberbiville, but finds the route very difficult, and the soldiers fall sick at a very sad rate. There is little direct resistance by the Hova troops.

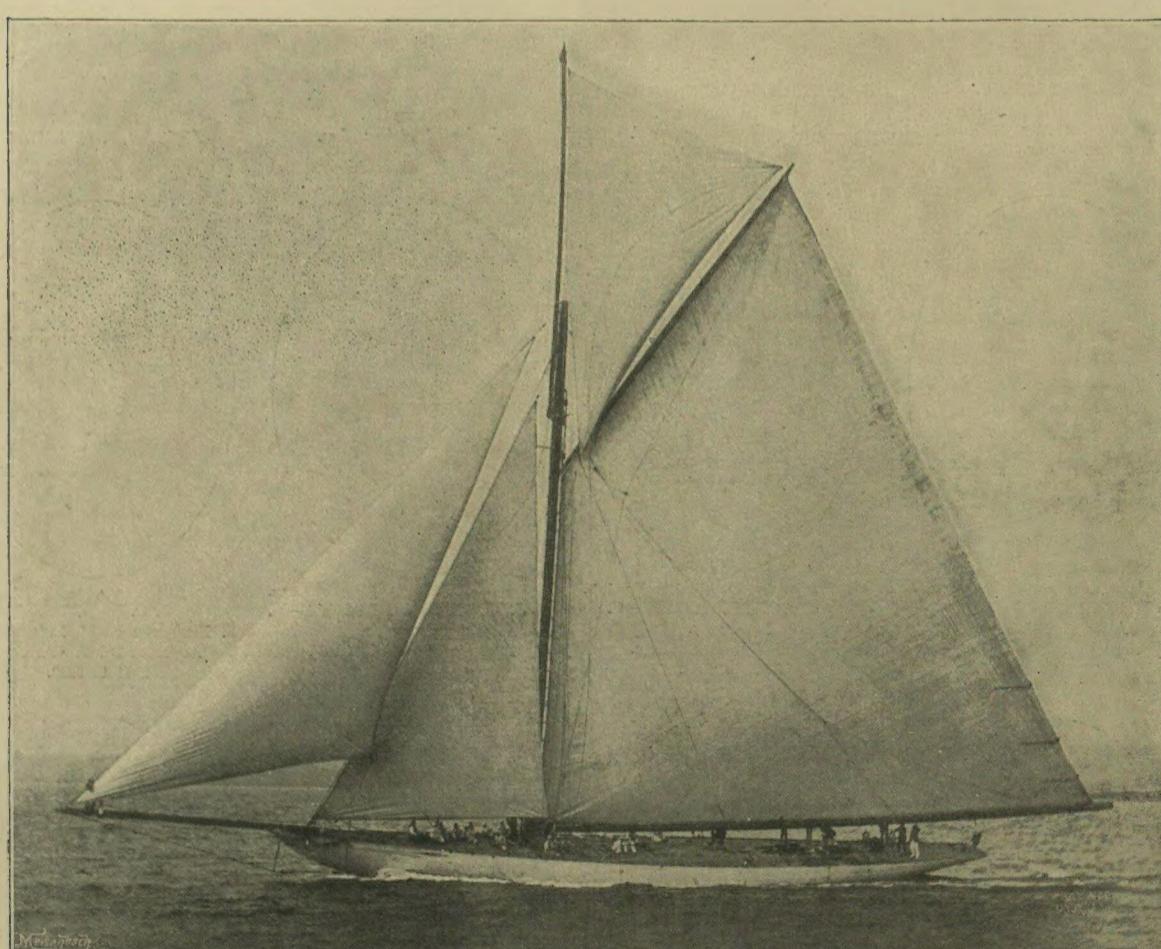
In America a cyclone or storm of great fury at Silver City, New Mexico, has destroyed many houses and caused some loss of life.

THE ALBUM.

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THE AMERICAN YACHT "DEFENDER."

See "Our Illustrations."

English provincial borough constituencies having been polled, the number of Unionists or Ministerialists elected was 305, and that of all the other sections, including 75 Liberals or Radicals, amounted to 117. Mr. John Morley lost his seat at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, being defeated by Mr. W. D. Cruddas with 12,170 votes against 11,862, but Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman obtained a large majority in the Stirling Burghs. The tide of Unionist success became rather slack on Friday, which left 318 known returns for that side, against

Sir Arthur Arnald, Chairman of the London County Council, at its meeting on Tuesday, July 23, presented a review of its work during the past year. The average weekly attendance had been exemplary, 128 members out of 138, though eleven had seats also in the House of Lords and twelve in the House of Commons. He did not enter into any examination of the financial position of the London County, its revenue and expenditure and the burden of rating, but expressed his confidence that it could safely undertake the control of the water-supply,

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Dr. Waller, who was elected President of the Wesleyan Conference for the ensuing year on Tuesday, July 23, by more than half the votes of the members assembled at Plymouth, is highly esteemed in the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion.

David J. Waller, D.D., is sixty years of age, having been born in June 1835, at Nunthorpe, in the Cleveland district of Yorkshire; he is an effective preacher, and is reputed an energetic and judicious administrator of business affairs. He was secretary to the Conference in 1886. The Wesleyan Methodist body of the Old Connexion in the United Kingdom at the beginning of this year numbered 2337 ministers, 16,981 lay preachers, and 459,569 members, besides 33,935 on probation, and possessed 7889 chapels, with 955,518 Sunday school pupils. Its annual Conference is now composed of equal numbers of ministers and lay members. Its funds are so large that last year the sum of £122,200 was raised for missionary operations abroad, £35,000 for home missions, £236,000 for building chapels, £11,000 for the training colleges for the ministry, and £28,762 for the education of ministers' children.

The elections have played havoc with the Opposition leaders. Sir William Harcourt has found a safe seat in Wales, but Mr. John Morley is in temporary retirement, in company with Mr. George Russell, Mr. Arnold Morley, the Hon. Robert Spencer, and Sir John Hibbert. Alone among the Liberal chiefs, Mr. Asquith has come out of the fire, not only unscathed, but triumphant. His opponents were certain of beating him in East Fife, but he headed the poll, more than doubling his majority. This personal success was not achieved without hard work. Mr. Asquith made twenty-two speeches in three days, all characterised by that intellectual force which is his special distinction. So considerable a victory may fairly be said to have greatly strengthened Mr. Asquith's pretensions to the leadership of his party at no very distant date.

Mr. W. S. Caine is reported to have predicted that the temperance party would fight like "wild cats" at the General Election. They have shown no sign of this impressive vitality. Mr. Caine was defeated easily at Bradford, where the "wild cats" showed no fight at all. Nothing is more significant in the General Election than the decisive repudiation of Local Veto by the country. The temperance party may think this is a temporary delirium, due to a misunderstanding of Sir William Harcourt's proposals; but there is already a vehement demand in the Liberal party that Local Veto shall be definitely abandoned, and some other plan for promoting the interests of temperance adopted.

Scotland has a reputation for party feeling rather in excess of partisanship elsewhere, but an incident in West Fife suggests the millennium. Mr. Augustine Birrell's Liberal Unionist opponent attended one of Mr. Birrell's meetings accompanied by a large number of his supporters. Instead of a violent altercation and free fight, which usually follow this sort of reunion, the two parties indulged in the most amicable amenities. The Liberal Unionist candidate, Mr. Wemyss, expressed the highest opinion of Mr. Birrell's personal character, and showed no resentment when a vote of confidence in Mr. Birrell was carried. This friendly feeling may be contrasted with the warlike scenes in some London constituencies and with the extraordinary experiences of Mr. Rider Haggard, who was besieged by a mob in a country inn. Evidently the brotherly love of West Fife is too delicate an article to be exported over the Border.

The new Corrupt Practices Act, which was passed last Session with a view to checking libellous assertions at election time, has had absolutely no effect. Several actions have been brought, nearly all of them of a frivolous character, and the stream of imaginative statement, so common at election time, has flowed without a hindrance. It was predicted that the Act would be practically inoperative, because when party feeling runs high it is absolutely impossible to restrain the flood of misrepresentation. It would be just as reasonable to pass an Act of Parliament declaring that all manifestations of evil in human nature should be regarded as penal offences.

Sir Robert Peel definitely announces himself as a Radical. This is a sort of development of his patrimony. His father became a follower of Mr. Gladstone towards the end of his life. As Mr. Gladstone was a follower of the present Sir Robert's grandfather, there is a certain poetic justice in young Sir Robert's attitude. Such poetic justice is extremely rare.

Madame Stamboloff has the spirit of a Roman matron. The assassination of her husband has inspired her with a relentless scorn of Prince Ferdinand and his Ministry, whose messengers of condolence she has refused to receive. The position of Prince Ferdinand does not inspire universal admiration. Neither he nor his Ministers took any precautions for M. Stamboloff's protection. Possibly the real story of the murder will never be known, but the circumstances have excited a feeling that makes Prince Ferdinand's tenure of the Bulgarian throne more precarious than ever. The Bulgarian Premier, M. Stoiloff,

has declared emphatically that he and his colleagues will make no terms with Russia that would involve the admission of Russian officers to the Bulgarian army, or any other sign of dependence on the Czar. This excellent resolution may not be unconnected with the recent tragedy.

Lord Roberts is to succeed Lord Wolseley as Commander-in-Chief in Ireland. This gives fresh zest to the speculation as to the Duke of Cambridge's successor at the War Office. The Duke is pledged to retire, and, according to the scheme of the late Government, his post is to be occupied by a high military official, who will be subordinate, and not, as the Duke was, virtually independent. There has been some suggestion of appointing the Duke of Connaught to the post, and this is opposed chiefly on the ground that, as a member of the royal family, the Duke of Connaught would reproduce the difficulty created by the Duke of Cambridge. The late Government followed the recommendations of the Hartington Commission, and it is probable that the new Government will take the same line, as the reorganisation of the War Office has never been a party question.

In the new number of the *Quarterly Review* there is a strong attack upon Islam, partly from the religious, but mainly from the political standpoint. The writer shows how the gradual dispersion of the Sultan's dominions has contributed to the happiness of the smaller peoples in South-Eastern Europe. Not that the most statesmanlike policy is to facilitate utter chaos in the Ottoman Empire. The *Quarterly* takes a more cautious view. Dissolution must continue, but the best plan is for the Great Powers to "insist on liberating every outraged province from the direct rule of the Porte, while leaving the political framework of the Empire and the nominal sovereignty of the Sultan intact." This is better, at all events, than "a sudden collapse, and a perilous scramble for the spoils on the part of Governments which are now too timid and short-sighted to adopt the only policy that can avert the catastrophe."

Carlyle's house in Chelsea has been preserved by subscription as a public monument, and has been opened in that capacity this week. On Dec. 4, the anniversary of the sage's birth, there will be something in the nature of a formal celebration, which is not considered fitting just now, when the season is dead, and so many people are away electioneering.

Much regret is expressed that Mr. Sala has been compelled by *res angusta domi* to sell his library. This is a peculiar hardship to the veteran journalist, who is famous for an omnivorous reading. It is almost as difficult to picture Mr. Sala without his books as to picture Egypt without the Pyramids. Fortunately, the British Museum remains to him, though one would rather think of the Museum going to Mr. Sala for information than of Mr. Sala going to the Museum.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has produced a new edition of his biography of Sir Henry Irving. It is full of those quaint digressions which make Mr. Fitzgerald so delightful a chronicler. For example, the author weeps over the late Frank Marshall, who, in conjunction with the manager of the Lyceum, brought out the "Henry Irving" Shakspere. Marshall was a bibliomaniac, says Mr. Fitzgerald, and a bibliomaniac "without judgment and without restraint." Did anybody ever know a bibliomaniac who was wise?

Of the nineteen Knights who were dubbed at Windsor, Sir Henry Irving was the only one who received a personal congratulation from her Majesty.

"Sir Henry, this gives me very great pleasure," said the Queen. The sword used for the ceremonial, by-the-way, belonged to General Gardiner, an official of the Household. It was worn by an ancestor of his, who served under Sir John Moore at the battle of Corunna.

The congratulations lavished on Sir Henry Irving culminated in a remarkable scene at the Lyceum, when an address, written by Mr. Pinero, and signed by four thousand members of the dramatic profession, past and present, including Lady Martin, Mrs. Keeley, Lady Gregory (Mrs. Stirling), and Mr. John Doe, the oldest living actor, whose name fitly heads the list, was presented to Sir Henry in a gold and crystal casket. The address was read by Mr. Bancroft, who made a touching little speech, and Sir Henry responded in a few words, broken by emotion. The scene might well have unnerved the strongest man, for the players, who had assembled in great force, many of them having travelled long distances to be present, hailed the honoured chief of their profession with a passionate burst of enthusiasm. It was a great tribute, not only to a great actor, but also to a man who has inspired affection, as Mr. Pinero happily said, by the "nobility, dignity, and sweetness" of his private character.

The illuminated address, beautifully bound by Zaehnsdorf, of Shaftesbury Avenue, was enclosed in a casket containing a hundred ounces of gold, designed by Mr. Forbes Robertson to suggest the temple of Thespis, and executed by D. and G. Wellby, of Garrick Street.

France has exported the guillotine. In the French settlement of Chandernagore, in India, an execution has been performed with a guillotine sent from Paris. The East has traditional horrors of its own, but the guillotine is a formidable rival. Probably there is no anecdote that curdles the blood so much as the simple narrative of Monsieur Sansom, the public executioner, who describes how he met Napoleon quite casually, and, when asked who he was, quietly replied, "Sire, I executed Louis XVI." The Emperor turned green, and he and his escort decamped without another word in sheer affright.

Judge Chalmers presides over the Birmingham County Court, and he has lately given a remarkable account of the perjury which is rife in the cases that come before him. In his opinion the oath is absolutely no safeguard against false swearing. What is wanted is a penalty which shall make the petty perjurer liable to prosecution on a summons before a magistrate or at Quarter Sessions. At present a prosecution for perjury is a tedious affair which can be conducted only at Assizes. Judge Chalmers wants a special code for perjury in small will cases, together with the abolition of the oath. A simple affirmation, he contends, would be more decent than the irreverence which is now a routine.

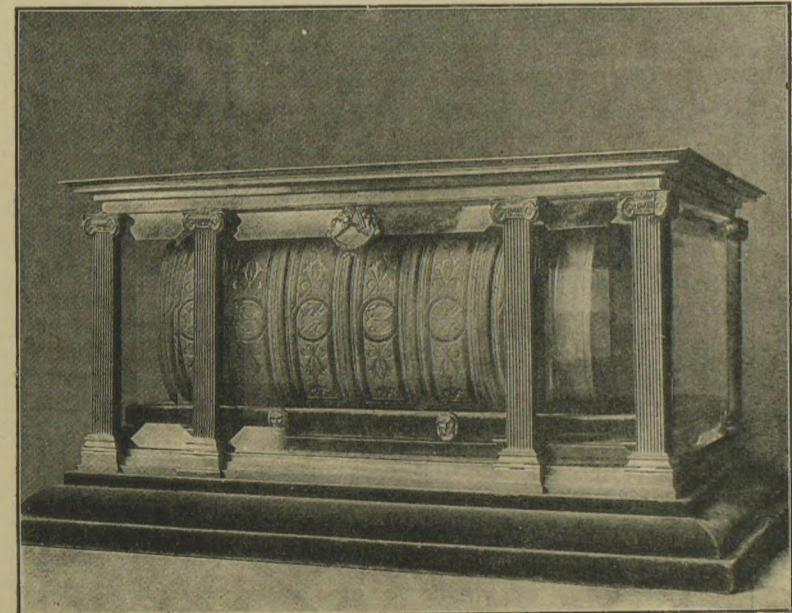
Glissading on the Ortler cannot be recommended as a pastime. A lady who belonged to a party which had a narrow escape from death describes how she and her companions, in descending the Ortler, took a short cut by gliding down the mountain-side. What really happened was that they came down with an avalanche. Fortunately they escaped without serious injury, but the escape was almost a miracle, which should deter other mountaineers from trying the same seductive expedient.

The statue to Burns's Highland Mary is to be erected at Dunoon. More than a hundred years ago Burns flirted with Mary Campbell, to whom he was faithless, for he was already married to Jean Armour. However, he wrote beautiful verses about his Highland Mary—hence the statue. It is one of the paradoxes of human nature that this monument celebrates not the woman, who would have remained obscure had she never met Burns, but the poet who amused himself with a flirtation and with writing verses about it.

Mr. A. Forestier has just completed for the Queen a picture of the christening of Prince Edward of York. Her Majesty has expressed her entire approval of Mr. Forestier's work.

It may no doubt be truthfully maintained that the coincidences of the every-day drama very rarely intrude themselves into the acts of every-day life. The hero so seldom appears to time for the rescue of Dulcinea; the fortune so rarely falls pat at the due moment; the villain so often has his own way. And just such another example of the lamentable failure of life to supply all the conditions of a dramatic coincidence comes to us from Moravia. At Brunn it fell out that a young journeyman baker and his fiancée resolved for lack of funds to finish an unhappy existence in the river Schwarza. At a late hour the bodies of the unhappy couple were recovered from the river, and in the pockets of the imprudent young man were found a florin and a lottery ticket. He might at least, one thinks, have spent the florin before he died, even if he could not have foreseen that his lottery ticket was destined, a few days later, to win twenty thousand florins. But such is life, and such is not the every-day drama.

Mr. Rider Haggard is really a disappointing hero. All his life he has been occupied in detailing to a more or less breathless world by what means heroes are able to destroy little armies sent out for their sole destruction. Those methods we are all now perfectly familiar with. You plunge your sword forward and spit three of your foremost opponents. You overthrow half a dozen others with your shield; then, with a wild shout and with a flashing eye, you rush upon the remainder of your foes, who flee in an incredible condition



CASKET OF CRYSTAL AND GOLD FOR ADDRESS
PRESENTED TO SIR HENRY IRVING BY ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

of disorganisation. And here, during the recent elections, Mr. Haggard was besieged by a disgraceful mob in a Norfolk hotel. Did he do any of these things? Did he follow the glorious example of Eric Brighteyes or Bulalia the Slaughterer? He did none of these things; but, like a law-abiding citizen, awaited the police. How are the imaginatively lawless fallen!

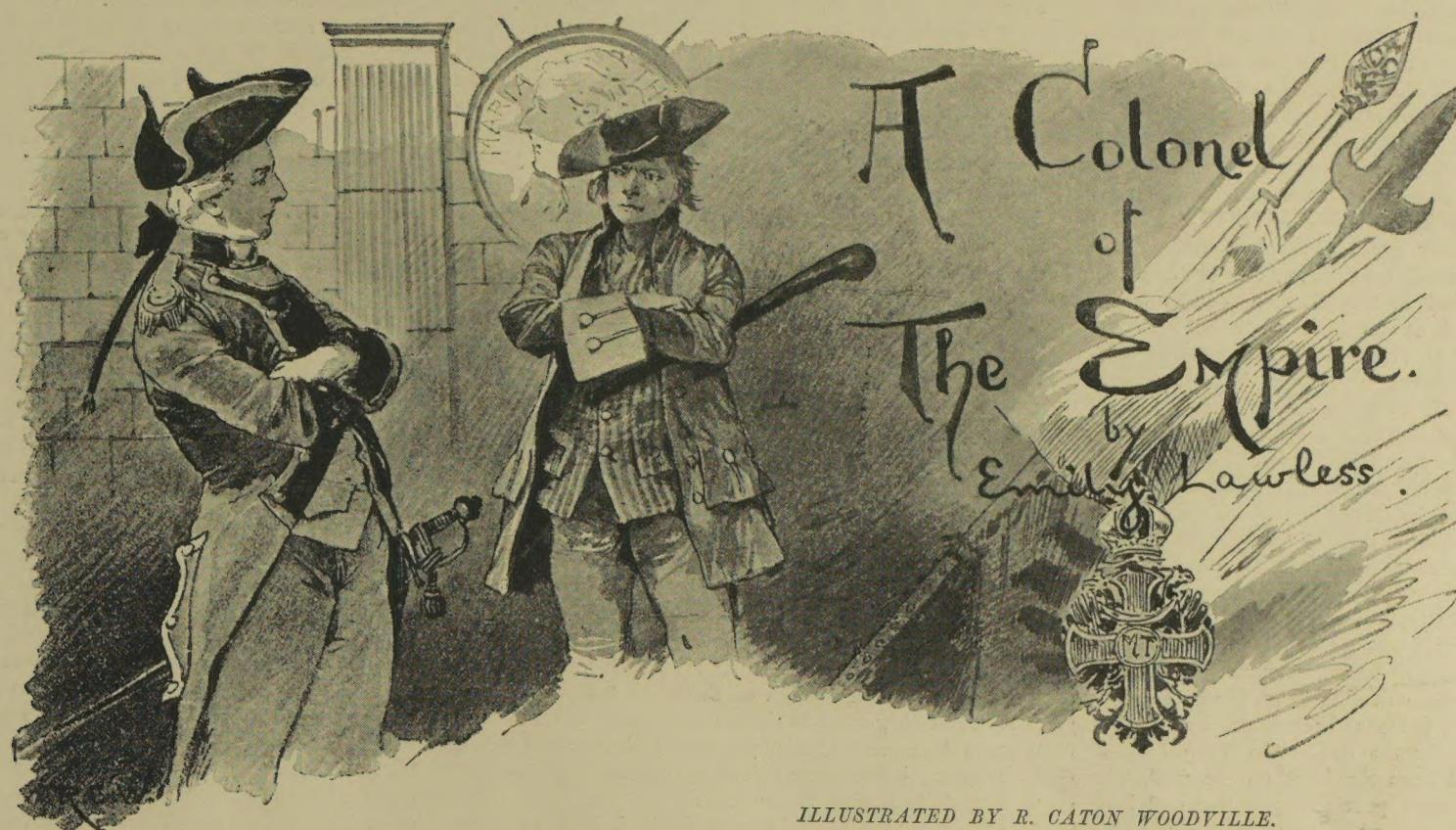
It is to be hoped in the interests of literature that Mr. John Morley will not allow the grass to grow under his feet during the interval of his forced retirement from Parliament. The world is still awaiting a long-promised work from his pen, that "Life of Chatham," that is, which is destined to complete the series of "Twelve English Statesmen" which he edited in the days that are no more. It is quite a dozen years ago, for example, since his monograph upon Walpole appeared, so that one feels that one is justified in clamouring for the "Chatham." It was to this series, it will be remembered, that Lord Rosebery contributed his solitary work, "Pitt."



HUMOURS OF THE ELECTIONS.

SPEAKER: *I dinned total abstinence into my 'usband for years; at last 'e come to me, and says 'e, "Catherine, you've prevailed" 'e says; an' I throwed my arms round his neck and kissed 'im.*

A VOICE: *Served him right too! (Hear, hear!)*



From the Private Papers of Mangan O'Driscoll, late of the Imperial Service of Austria, and a Knight of the Military Order of the Maria Theresa.

CHAPTER VII.

All this that I have been telling you happened towards the end of the month of May, and after that the days went on one after the other, much as they do, I suppose, all over the rest of the world, and nothing particular happened for some three weeks or more. As far as talk went, there was no lack of *that*, as there never has been since I can remember, and a report came down to us from Dublin that there was to be a regular rising shortly all over the South. This report the Government, I was told, believed, though who was to rise, or where they were going to rise to I never distinctly understood. It could have had nothing to say to Scaly Shamus, for no one could deny that he kept himself perfectly quiet all the time, sitting as tight as a hare in its form among the Comeragh mountains; never showing his nose, nor giving any sign of life at all, having had enough of Clonmel jail, I suppose, for the present.

For the rest there was the usual sort of Whiteboying business going on, and a few cattle were lifted here and there, and a few fences broken down near Carricknahorna, and some hay burned, but nothing of any importance to speak of. As for abduction, I never heard less of it; in fact, there was none during the whole of that time, to the best of my recollection, unless it may have been a young widow, Mrs. Juggy O'Flaherty, that was carried off from her father-in-law's farm towards the middle of the month, and married to a boy called Mooney, who kept a sheebeen near Mullybrick. But then, as the country people assured me—and they don't often tell me lies—that affair was entirely her own contriving from the start, she being tired of living with her husband's people, who, on account of her having some sort of a charge on the land, thought they had her safe for life, and that she must live and spend her substance upon them always, which was a prospect that it seems she didn't much relish.

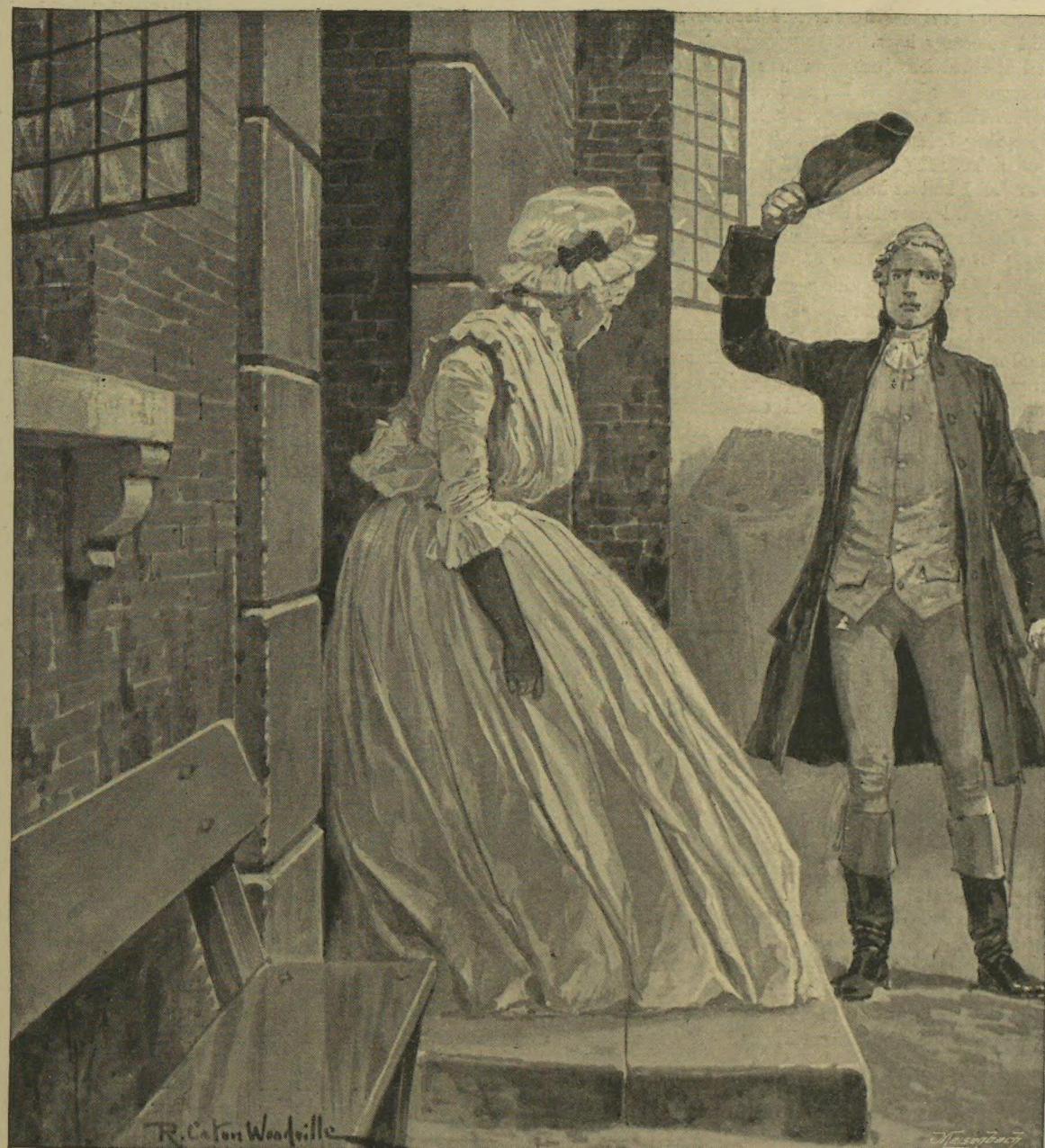
That was all, I pledge you my honour, not another thing, good or bad, yet if you would have listened to Sir Thomas Carew you'd have had to believe that the one thought day and night of every Catholic in Ireland, from my Lord Westmeath and my Lord Fingal down to poor Terry Flynn, the blind beggar-man, was nothing but abduction, and how to discover and to carry off Protestant heiresses. I'm greatly mistaken if any man under eighty years of age came near the castle during the whole of that time, if it was only passing along the high road, without Sir Thomas making sure that he was looking about him to discover the best way of breaking into the house in order to run away with Miss Alicia, and every time I went to visit him in his bed he had some new tale about this blackguard or that blackguard who had boasted that he would have the handsomest and richest heiress in all Tipperary for his wife before Midsummer Day came round! I tried laughing at him, and I tried arguing, but it was all of no use, and the end of it was that I just gave in, and used to sit listening to his stories, which grew worse and worse, and more audacious and impossible every time I came. For it is a remarkable thing in Ireland—specially when you have a lot of idle servants and such-like about you—so sure as it is discovered that you've set your heart upon any particular sort of atrocity, they're so wonderful friendly

and obliging that they'll be certain to have a special supply of that very atrocity ready to your hand, so that you need never be balked of your wish, but can have your blood curdled every day of your life, and that to the utmost extent you can possibly desire.

Sir Thomas being in this mood, and so absolutely persuaded that all the wicked Papists—with the exception,

practise through them by the hour together with guns and with pistols.

A sight to make a dead man come out of his grave to laugh, it was to see poor old Moriarty standing with both his eyes tight shut, and his face screwed up till it looked like a withered walnut, so afraid he was of the gun going off, and to hear Sir Thomas shouting directions at



Mrs. Hyacinth swept me a very elegant curtsey the minute she caught sight of me.

I believe he did admit, of myself—were banded into one great league to carry off Miss Alicia, in order to prevent such a disaster, and to keep her safe for the young Protestant Archduke or Crown Prince that was shortly coming by, he had a set of great iron shutters made and put up to the windows, and firing-holes cut in all the doors in the castle, and made old Moriarty, the butler, and the other men-servants

him from his bed, and swearing every oath in and out of the Bible at him for his clumsiness, and for not having learnt how to shoot better!

As for the rest of the garrison, there was the new footman, John Mutton—and a born coward he was, unless the colour of his cheeks did him the greatest injustice—and there was the other footman, and the coachman, a man called John Bones, and there were one or

two grooms, and maybe a dozen or so of under-strappers and "runners" that never showed, but were just kept to wait upon the other servants. Sir Thomas's chief indoor defender, however, was Dr. Kettle, the Protestant parson from Ballynagoring, who lives at the castle, his own "glebe," as they call it, having half its roof off, and most of its windows broken, so that it is small blame to him if he prefers stopping anywhere else. A brisk, hearty, plain-spoken little gentleman he is, as anyone need wish to see; a grand sportsman, and the owner of the best breed of fighting cocks in the county. I don't know that he was really any great addition to the garrison, being more accustomed to shooting snipes than men, still it was a comfort to Sir Thomas to know he was there; indeed, there is no one, high or low, but has a good word for him, for a straightforward, hard-swearing, honourable little gentleman, who just busies himself with his cocks and his own concerns, and never dreams of converting anybody, and is of no more trouble to Father O'Donohue than if he wasn't in it at all.

I mustn't forget to tell you that in those days nothing would do Sir Thomas—he being so tied up with the gout himself, and not trusting any of the outdoor people further than he could see them—nothing would do him but that I must promise him to come up every evening of my life, and walk round the castle just to make sure that everything was safe. I laughed, as you'll think, pretty loudly at the notion; but as it was only half an hour's walk from my own door, and no more trouble to go there than to go anywhere else, I agreed readily enough, and it being by that time dusk, for the fun of the thing I used to get down my sword from the hook on the wall, where it has always these times, poor thing, to live, and buckle it on. And finely it used to clank as I walked to and fro in front of the house, like some sentry before a king's palace, and finely that little imp of the world, Miss Abby, would laugh when she saw me there, and out she would come racing from one of the doors, and up and down on the gravel she must march beside me, with her head held up in the air, and one hand raised to her shoulder, and a stick in it, making believe that she too was a soldier!

Childishness, you'll say, and quite right too, though harmless enough, God knows, yet it was near being anything but childishness, but, on the contrary, a terrible and a heartbreaking business for me and for more than me, as you will presently hear.

Well, the weather just then was extraordinarily fine, with a moon at night as big and as round as a cannon-ball, a fact which I can answer for, having seen her rising every evening behind the trees. What with my being so taken up with Sir Thomas, and what with a good deal of other business that I had on hand, I had seen hardly anything of Wooden-Sword for several days past, and when he did come to see me he seemed hurried and queer in his manner somehow, as if he were thinking of something else, and was wanting to hide that something, whatever it was, from me.

Suspecting that he had got at his *sodgering*, as he called it, again, I said nothing, though it vexed me, he having promised me to have no more of it, and I knowing well how dangerous such goings-on were, especially since the new laws were passed against illegal combinations, and how easily, boys though they were, they might get into trouble, and be lodged in jail, and their families fined and put to inconvenience on their account, which would do no good to anybody.

I did not like to ask him too many questions, fearing to tempt him into telling me lies, though Wooden-Sword, I will say, is not particularly given that way. So, still feeling uneasy, when the twenty-third of the month came, I went over myself to Cashel Pooka just to see if I could find out what he had been up to, and to pay my civilities at the same time to his mother, Mrs. Hyacinth Driscoll, whom, to tell the truth, I had somewhat neglected of late.

A fine figure of a woman Mrs. Hyacinth is still, and a good mother, I will say, to her children, though somewhat too highly coloured, and a bit too loud in the voice for my taste. She was one of the Hacketts of Dungarvan, which is a decent, well-thought-of county Waterford family, thriving and respected, in spite of one bad stain against their name, which no one who bears that name—no man, I mean—ever hears mentioned without immediately wanting to kill somebody. Pilots they are, as they always have been, which is accounted a gentlemanly enough profession in Ireland, though not, I think, in most other countries. Something else, too, they are besides pilots, as it would be foolishness to deny, all the more since that too is a business not reckoned to anyone's discredit; indeed, it is not easy to tell how the country would get on without it, the laws against the exportation of Irish goods being what they are.

A tidy little bit of money Mrs. Hyacinth had for her fortune, over a thousand pounds; indeed, but for that she might have waited long enough before she would have ever been allowed by my mother to marry poor Hyacinth, though he was the weakest of the lot of us, poor fellow.

I never can come along Shinanagh Lane, as I did that afternoon, without my thoughts going straight back to her—I mean to my mother—and I get thinking of the days when she was alive, and ruling over us all, until at last I can fancy almost that I see her back again, looking so like an old queen, and sitting in the sunshine outside the door, in that black gown of hers that she always wore for my

father, and the fine Flemish lace over her shoulders, that had never paid King George a penny. Such a small woman as she was, and no great talker either, yet so stately!

I suppose this poor old Cashel Pooka of ours was a ridiculous sort of a place for people to have ever attempted to settle down in, being, in fact, hardly a house at all, but a wreck, half of it having been destroyed long ago in one of the old wars. It was for that reason my grandfather got it so cheap, or rather, I believe, for nothing, having been allowed to settle into it by the Government of that day, after they had turned him out of all his own property in the county of Cork. A queer old battered crow's nest certainly; nevertheless we all were fond of it when I was a boy, and, for my part, I love it still, and on a fine afternoon, with the sky high and blue above it, and the rooks cawing about as if they were asking questions, and a quick coming and going of lights and shadows, and the ivy covering all the scars in the poor old walls, it looks well enough still, and handsome, too, to my eyes, in spite of everything and everybody.

No one was to be seen as I came up the lane, but I could tell by the sound of voices in the orchard that some of the young people, at any rate, were not very far away at the back. There was a cousin of theirs with them, as I presently found—one of the young Hacketts, Denis, I believe his name is. Mrs. Hyacinth thinks, I fancy, that it wouldn't be a bad arrangement if one of her girls were to marry and settle down in Dungarvan, but, for my part, I think there's been enough of that connection, and I had just as lief they went to France or Austria, and took their chances there among their own name and station, if we can manage the journey money among us, which, please God, we may do in another year or two.

Mrs. Hyacinth herself was at the back door as I came up, and swept me a very elegant curtsey the minute she caught sight of me.

"This is a great honour, a wonderful great honour, and a very rare one," says she, "to see Colonel O'Driscoll—or the Chevalier O'Driscoll, I ought, I believe, to say—coming up to my poor door."

"No honour at all, sister, only a pleasure I hope?" said I as easily as I could, though that sort of foolish exaggerated talk vexes me, and is too generally in her mouth. "And how are matters going with you, Mrs. Hyacinth?"

"Oh, pretty well, brother, pretty well," said she, beginning to bustle about. "I have had to get in a new girl to help in the dairy. One of the Mooneys she is, and no great shakes either. I don't know what's come to all the girls, high or low; they're no good, any of them these times."

"Talking of girls, I'm told your niece, Mrs. Cornelius Grady, has been to call on you, and is wanting to make friends again," said I.

This was another of the Hacketts, whose husband had recently turned Protestant, and there had been a good deal of talk in the neighbourhood about the tremendous dressing Mrs. Hyacinth had given her a few days before.

As I expected, she fired up as hot as a furnace in a minute.

"Deed, yes, did she, the impudent hussy!" cried she. "Came up the lane, and in at that very door, only last Friday, and had the impudence to call me 'Aunt,' too, but I pretty soon put a stop to that. 'Aunt!' cried I, 'Oh, dear no! Surely, Madam, surely you must be making some mistake! How could it be possible for a grand Protestant lady like yourself to have an aunt who is nothing but a common Papist, one of the scum of the earth, fit only to wipe Madam's shoes when she goes out walking, or to rub the dust off her chariot-step when she 'lights from a drive!'

"But I haven't a chariot, indeed, indeed I haven't, Aunt," says she, beginning to sob and cry. "Sure, Aunt Delily, you wouldn't be so hard on me! How could I hinder Cornelius from doing it, and he giving me no warning, not a single word, only walked in one day, and told me he'd been to the church and taken the oaths? And as for a Protestant, why, you know very well I'm none, nor he either for the matter of that, only that he had to take the oaths, there being no way of getting on without them; and, so clever as Cornelius is, it would have been a sin and shame for him to have been left behind and shut out of everything for nothing but that."

"Madam," said I, "or your Ladyship—for, since Mr. Cornelius is so extraordinarily clever, no doubt he'll shortly become a councillor, and the next thing a judge, when your Ladyship will be a judge's wife and ride in a judge's coach. Let me advise you," says I, "if I dare advise anyone so high in station above me, to keep to your own rank and your own new creed, and not to be so condescending as to come here among those who'll only be bringing discredit upon you!" With that I bundled her out of the house, telling her I thought I saw Father Moriarty coming, and off she went down the lane, sobbing fit to burst, and that's the last I've heard or wish to hear of her!"

"Well, well, Mrs. Hyacinth," said I, "I think you were a bit too hard upon her, I do indeed. Likely enough 'twas the truth she told you, and that she did know nothing about it till her husband walked in and told her he'd taken his oaths. Once that was done, and the whole thing over, I don't see what she was to do but make the best of it. A woman must stand by her husband, let him do what he may, as I am sure you are the last to deny."

"Deed, I don't know what I'd deny, or what I wouldn't deny," cried she, tossing her head. "All I know is that I would rather see any daughter of mine laid out, and the candles lit round her, and all ready for her burial. One? I'd rather see the whole three of them dead and laid out there in the orchard, and have to dig their graves myself, than I'd have the shame and the name of such a thing happening to one of mine as has happened to that misfortunate Anastacia Grady."

"Oh, there I command you," said I. "These are certainly not times for any of us, whether men or women, to be turning our backs upon our own Church, that has been a good mother to every one of us. And now suppose we go and see those same young ladies of yours, for, to tell the truth, I must be getting back shortly. Maybe Wooden-Sword has told you that I've promised Sir Thomas Carew to walk round Mangan Castle for him every evening while he is laid up with the gout, he being in such a terror about his own young daughter, Miss Alicia, whom he expects to have carried away up into the mountains one of these nights, and married there against her will to God knows who."

"Faith, then, it needed no Wooden-Sword to be telling me what friends you and Sir Thomas were, and have been these years and years past," cried Mrs. Hyey, tossing her head again. "And mighty condescending I call it of you, most particular condescending—he living and reigning in your own mother's father's castle, with the tombs in the chapel crying out upon him—a Mangan's name upon every one of them, and not a Carew anywhere, as how could there be? Mightily set up and mightily proud Sir Thomas must be to have the oldest member of the oldest family in the county, not to speak of a Knight of the Empire, waiting upon him, and going backwards and forwards at his beck and call, like one of his own paid servants."

"Hardly that, Mrs. Hyacinth," said I, rather quickly. "I have not carried my condescension quite so far as you seem to suppose. And as for the tombs in the chapel and the rest of it," I added more easily, "it's scarcely Sir Thomas's fault that Mangan Castle didn't always belong to his ancestors; I daresay he would be quite content that it should have done so. We must take the world as we find it, it seems to me, sister, seeing that it's not at all likely to be made over again in order to please us. Sir Thomas has his faults; but he has been a good friend, take it all in all, to the Mangans, and to the Driscolls too, as no one knows better than yourself. And if I can do anything in reason to please him, well, I shall do it, if it's all the same to you, Mrs. Hyey, so we'll say no more about it."

This I said civilly, but very decidedly, for with women there's never any use, in my experience, in beating about the bush. If you let them begin to argue, their tongues are in such much better practice than ours that they can easily make a man feel foolish; but let them understand once for all that you have made up your mind, and that all the talking in the world won't alter the matter, and they soon come round, and submit to your judgment, as they naturally must and should.

CHAPTER VIII.

After this little interchange of hostilities, Mrs. Hyacinth and I walked together into the orchard, where we found the three girls, Sally, Biddy, and Gobinette, the last being much the best looking of the three. Their cousin, young Hackett, was there too, and it was easy to see which of them he had fixed his heart upon. He seemed a personable youth, and a well mannered one, I must say; all the same I had just as lief, as I said before, that the girls took their chances, poor things, in Europe, before settling down in Dungarvan, or any other place hereabout.

We sauntered to and fro in the orchard for a while, and pleasant enough it was, only, not having any time to spare, I was shortly obliged to take my leave. Just as I was about to do so who should I spy but Master Wooden-Sword, or rather his head, which he had just popped in at the back door leading out into the lane which goes past the castle. The minute he saw me he gave a great start, and, turning as red as fire, would have gone back again, only that I stopped him.

"Hullo! you young villain!" cried I. "Just stop still, if you please, since you are there, for I want you to walk back with me."

Wooden-Sword did stop, but he looked not a little glum, as if vexed at being caught, which I must own hurt me not a little, it being plain to be seen how unwilling he was to bear me company. However, having told him that he was to come with me, I was not going to let him off, so having taken leave of Mrs. Hyacinth and her daughters, I walked away up the lane, keeping him beside me, and privately resolving not to let him out of my sight, so that for that one evening at any rate he should have no chance of getting into mischief.

We were leaving the lane and were just getting out on to the heather, when I spied Teddy the Snipe creeping along the back of a ditch, and evidently watching to get a word with his foster-brother. I made believe not to observe him, and walked on, keeping Wooden-Sword beside me. That did not hinder him from getting his word with Teddy, however, for pretending presently that his shoe had got loose, he stopped to tie it, and with

the tail of my eye I saw their two heads together for a minute before Teddy crept away along the hedge, and off in the direction of the village.

After that we went on again, first to my own house, where I got out my sword, and then across the heather, and into the wood by the usual gap in the hedge, and so walked on to where the old ruined abbey stands, at the highest point above the stream.

By this time it was past eight o'clock, and an extraordinarily still evening, with a queer, heavy feeling in the air, as if thunder was coming. The sky, however, was clear, and the moon full, and so bright that wherever the trees stood a little apart you might have fancied big linen sheets had been laid down over the ground. It struck me, I remember, as curious that whereas moths and such insects generally keep away when there is moonlight, that evening there was a number of moths flitting up and down the herbage, not disappearing into the trees, as they generally do, but keeping quite low, and looking exactly as if each of them had been tied to the ground with a string, and could only rise to a certain height.

I was still looking at them, and wondering at their queer ways, when my eye was suddenly caught by something a good way off near the top of the wood, where, some trees having fallen, there was a bare space, showing the sky right down to the ground. What first attracted my eye was nothing but a glimmer of white, which, if I had not been thinking at the time about those moth creatures, I should probably hardly have noticed. It was moving along in much the same sort of ways as they did, only that instead of going up and down, it kept close along the ground; now getting behind a tree-trunk, and hiding there for a while, and now moving on again as before. I was wondering what it could be, and, if it was a human being, what any human being could want there at that hour, when I perceived that there was another white object behind the first one, and another behind that again, and that they were all moving forward one after the other and getting over the fence into the wood.

I watched them till I had counted no less than sixteen, which seemed to be the whole number as far as I could make out. Next I began to ask myself what in the world such a lot of people could possibly be doing there at such an hour. It struck me they were very small people; but this, on further reflection, I thought might be the effect of the moonlight, or of their position above my head. Anyhow, I began to feel sure that there must be mischief of some sort or other afoot, and a little further reflection convinced me that there was only one direction in which that mischief could well be pointing.

"Wooden-Sword," said I, looking round at him, "there is going to be some bad work here to-night, my boy."

"Is there?" said he, careless-like, only looking askance at me, as if he knew more than he showed. So, at least, it struck me afterwards, though my mind being so occupied at the time, I took no notice.

"There is," said I positively; "and what's more, it shows what a fool a man often is, especially when he thinks

himself extremely wise. For these weeks past Sir Thomas has been talking about the danger of the castle being attacked, and I have always laughed at him, and set it down in my own mind as a proof that he didn't understand the country. Yet, after what I have seen in the last ten minutes, I am much afraid he was right all the time, for there are those in the wood this minute that have certainly no business there, and what they can want unless Mangan Castle itself is their object it is not easy to tell, there being neither sheep nor cattle hereabouts for them to steal."

Wooden-Sword looked up at me for a moment, as if he was upon the point of saying something. Then he

sure at that hour of finding Dr. Kettle over a pipe, he preferring it, as I knew, to all the other rooms in the castle, which are for the most part a trifle too spick-and-span for a man who likes ease better than elegance any day of the week. Sure enough, there he was, and just about to light a clean white pipe for himself with a bit of live turf, which he had picked off the hearth, where, warm though the evening was, a spark of fire was burning.

"Doctor," said I as I went in, "confession is good, I believe, for the soul, whatever communion one belongs to, so, in the absence of Father Moriarty, I am going to make a father confessor of you, and to tell you that Mangan O'Driscoll has proved himself to be an utter old fool, and Sir Thomas an uncommonly wise gentleman."

"How's that?" says he, holding out the tongs in one hand, and his pipe still unlighted in the other.

"This way," said I, "you know very well what a state of mind he has been in these weeks past about abduction, and about Miss Alicia being carried away to the mountains and married off there to some Paddy O'Rafferty or other?"

"To be sure I do," replied he.

"And that I have always scoffed at the notion?"

"I know that too," said he.

"Very well," said I; "now it seems that he was quite right all the time, and that I was quite wrong, for, if I am not greatly mistaken, the castle is going to be attacked, and that no later than this very night, and if poor Miss Alicia is not the rascals' object, it is not easy to say what is."

Doctor Kettle looked not a little dismayed at this piece of intelligence, not, I am bound to say, like a man in a fright for his own skin, only like the easy-going sort of little gentleman he is, one that hates to be put out of his way, and asks only to be left in peace to enjoy his pipe and his pot of beer. However, as he was the only person in the castle from whom I was likely to get the slightest assistance, there was nothing for it but to go on and tell him what I had seen, which I did in the fewest words possible.

"And now," said I, when I had finished, "it being clear to my mind that we shall have the rascals on top of us, and pretty soon too,

the only thing to be done is to get the castle into some sort of decent condition of defence. And this, with your assistance, Doctor, I think I had better begin to do before I tell the news to Sir Thomas; since once he knows it, we may be certain that he will make himself commander-in-chief and everything else, and that neither you nor I will have a chance of another word, good or bad, in the matter."

With that I went over to the wall, and got down some of the guns that were hanging against it. Most of them were of no use, as one could see at a glance; but I picked out three or four fowling-pieces that would carry ball, and a couple of horse-pistols, and with these and the ones already in the men-servants' hands I saw that we should have to make shift.

When I came to examine the window of the gun-room I found that it was exactly opposite the jib-door, which, having no porch, could be easily covered from it. This



Dr. Kettle looked not a little dismayed at this piece of intelligence.

seemed suddenly to change his mind, for he shut his mouth up tight again, and stuck his hands in his pockets, with the same dogged look on his face that he had worn ever since I caught sight of him at the orchard gate. I wondered for an instant what he had been going to say, but was too full of other matters just then to insist on his telling me, my one idea being to get up to the castle as fast as possible.

I set off up the path accordingly, keeping him beside me, and turning round more than once to make sure that he followed me closely. We went in by the little jib door, which, in spite of all the talk there had been about keeping everything locked and barred, I found just left on the latch, which exactly shows how much you can trust to servants when you are not able to overlook them yourself.

Leaving Wooden-Sword in the passage, and bidding him not to stir from there till I saw him again, I went on to the gun-room, which lies beyond, and where I made

seemed rather fortunate on account of that door being much less strongly protected than the other doors, and sure therefore to be the first attacked. Unfortunately, the ledge of the window was very narrow, and an awkward place, therefore, to lay the guns on. However, I managed to set them up on a wooden stand which stood in a corner, so that we might have them handy when it came to the firing.

This done, and the doors and windows secured, there was no excuse for delaying any longer going up to Sir Thomas, and I was forced therefore to go and tell him what I had seen; a job which I own I would gladly have avoided, partly from the natural dislike every man feels in having to admit that he was wrong, but still more on account of the desperate fuss I expected he would make on hearing that the thing had really come to pass the bare expectation of which had so nearly driven him out of his senses.

Greatly to my relief, I found him much more composed than he had often been when there was no occasion for alarm. His chief anxiety seemed to be to get the two young ladies, especially Miss Alicia, locked up in their rooms out of harm's way. I could not help thinking to myself that if the villains once succeeded in breaking into the castle, it would not make much difference where Miss Alicia was, since they would certainly contrive to get hold of her somehow or other by hook or by crook. I said nothing of this, however, to Sir Thomas, but went off, leaving him issuing his directions, and returned to the bottom of the castle to look after our defences there.

(To be continued.)

A large party of Germans residing in America, with their families, numbering about eight hundred, intend coming to Berlin, by way of Hamburg, crossing the Atlantic in a steamer engaged for the occasion, to be present, at the beginning of September, when the twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Sedan will be celebrated at Berlin.

The officers who distinguished themselves in the defence of Chitral last March, and those of Lieutenant-Colonel James Graves Kelly's relief force, which crossed the Shandur Pass from Ghilgit, have been rewarded with promotions and decorations published in the *London Gazette*. Captain Charles Vere Ferrers Townshend, who commanded the garrison of Chitral, is appointed a C.B., and obtains the rank of Major, which is conferred also upon Captain Colin Powis Campbell and Captain Harry Benn Borradaile. Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly becomes C.B., Brevet-Colonel, and Aide-de-Camp to the Queen. Surgeon-Captain Harry Frederick Whitchurch, of the Indian Medical Service, obtains the Victoria Cross for his valour in carrying in Captain Baird, an officer wounded in a sortie from the fort at Chitral, who died of his wounds.

THE FATHER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The oldest member of the House of Commons, reckoning the years of his lifetime, is he who has once more been returned for the southern division of the borough of Wolverhampton at the venerable age of ninety-three—namely the Right Hon. Charles Pelham Villiers, formerly representative of the whole of that town, which he has served in Parliament just sixty years. It may be questioned whether the political history of any nation has ever exhibited

reigns, the peerage was revived in his favour. In 1838, by the death, without issue, of the third Earl of Clarendon, it devolved upon his nephew, George William Frederick, the elder brother of Mr. C. P. Villiers, and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in Lord Palmerston's Administration, who died in 1870. Mr. C. P. Villiers was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1827. He became an Examiner in the Court of Chancery, and was elected M.P. for Wolverhampton in 1835 as a supporter of the Whig Ministry.

He was appointed one of the Poor Law Commissioners of Inquiry, and rendered most useful services to Reform in that and other departments. As an independent Liberal member, he had the merit of being the earliest Parliamentary advocate, some years before Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, of the repeal of the Corn Laws. In the Government of 1853, formed by Lord Aberdeen, he held the office of President of the Poor Law Board, and he was a Cabinet Minister in Lord Palmerston's second Administration from 1859 to 1866. One of the most valuable measures which he introduced and carried at that period was the Union Chargeability Act, to terminate the costly litigation between parishes about the charge of maintaining paupers. Mr. Villiers, at the General Election of 1847, was returned for South Lancashire as well as for Wolverhampton, but declined then, as he has upon other occasions, to quit the service of his old constituency; and the only change that has been made in this connection is that required by the division of the borough into three portions, South, East, and West, each choosing one member. In 1879, a marble statue of the right honourable gentleman was erected in that town, and was unveiled by the late Earl Granville at a local meeting, which expressed the most cordial esteem for Mr. Charles Villiers, whose re-elections of late years, by the tacit

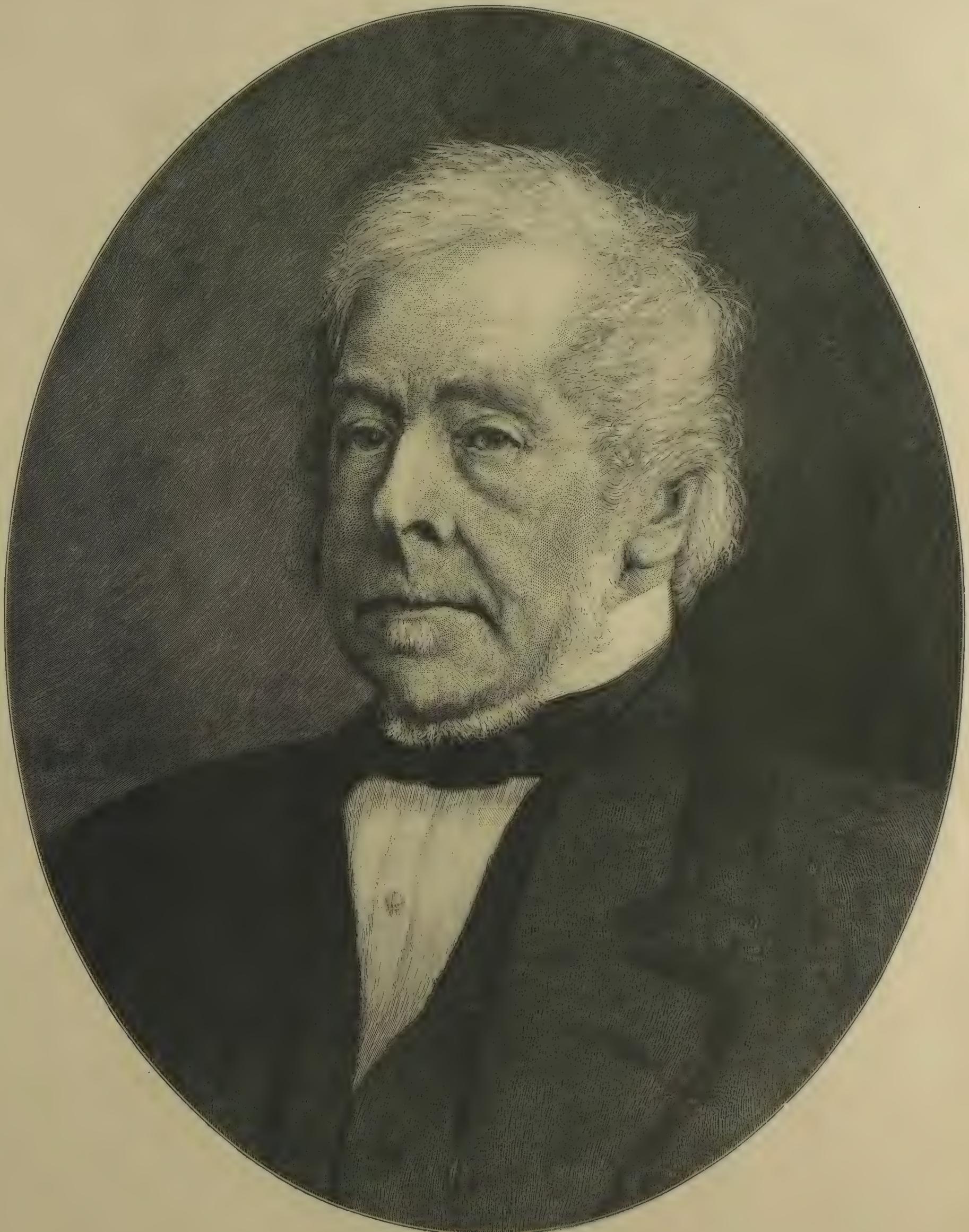


A sight it was to see poor old Moriarty, so afraid he was of the gun going off, and to hear Sir Thomas shouting directions at him from his bed.

an instance of continuance to such an extreme age in the membership of a deliberative assembly; but Mr. Gladstone was M.P. for Newark in 1832, and several others have held different seats in the House of Commons during more than sixty years, having been first elected when they were much younger than Mr. C. P. Villiers was in 1835. The extraordinary length of time which this right honourable gentleman has maintained his connection with one and the same constituency is probably without example.

The Right Hon. Charles Pelham Villiers was born on Jan. 3, 1802, third son of the Hon. George Villiers, who was third son of the first Earl of Clarendon, Thomas Villiers, a younger son of the second Earl of Jersey; he being married to Jane Hyde, the last descendant of the Earls of Clarendon notable in the history of the Stuart

consent of all parties, have been unopposed, the whole town being proud of such a representative. We also congratulate Mr. Villiers upon his long and honoured life, private and public, which has been one of consistent integrity and of fidelity to the good old principles of Whig Liberal Reformers in the time of the Melbourne Ministry, with a mind that was open, from his first entrance on the career of politics, to the broadest views of economic and fiscal questions, afterwards proclaimed by the Anti-Corn-Law League and "the Manchester School," and carried into effect by Sir Robert Peel and by Mr. Gladstone. It was never the ambition of Mr. Villiers to become a powerful Minister or a Party leader, but to discern and to assert the truth, and to be always engaged in some useful work.



THE FATHER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES PELHAM VILLIERS.

Born Jan. 3, 1802; elected M.P. for Wolverhampton, 1835; and has sat continuously for that borough during sixty years.

STEPHAN NICOLOF STAMBOLOFF, THE BISMARCK OF THE BALKANS.

The name of Stamboloff has been so long and so intimately associated with Bulgaria in the minds of Europe that the news of his murder comes upon us as a greater shock than would that of any other Oriental statesman. He was a strong man, and his faults were his own. That is about as much as the average newspaper reader among us knows about him—as much as the most fervent admirer can find to say on his behalf. And we admit it is a good deal. But to call him the "Maker of Bulgaria" is to overstep the mark. Bulgaria is the child of chance—the creation of conflicting international interests—an example of the Darwinian theory applied to countries. Neither Stamboloff nor any other Bulgarian could have made her what she is without everything being smoothed for him, as it was, by circumstances. Still, the murdered statesman has left so marked an impress upon the history of Bulgaria that it is worth while to examine his character and antecedents and set down the most striking recollections of an acquaintance with him.

Born in 1853, he spent all his boyhood up to the age of seventeen in his father's little wine-shop at Tirnova, where he helped in serving the customers, wiping the tumblers, and scrubbing the floors. He would often afterwards talk affectionately of those humble days, especially in the presence of anyone pretending to aristocratic airs. His father intended him to be a pope of the Orthodox Church, and sent him to the seminary at Odessa to spend his public-house earnings in ecclesiastical study. It is strange to reflect how different affairs might have been had Stamboloff been content to become a simple parish pope; but the young man was far from having an ecclesiastical turn of mind, and preferred to concern himself with political intrigues. Odessa was then, as now, a hotbed of conspiracy, the chief resort of all manner of refugee. Among Bulgarian refugees there he found many congenial spirits, including his future colleague and victim, Iulien Karaveloff. But to foment conspiracy against Turkey was not then part of the Russian programme, and when, in 1873, the vivacity of his proceedings attracted the attention of the police, he received notice to quit the country. Returning to Bulgaria, he set to work to preach insurrection against the Turks up and down the land. Of course everything had to be done with extreme caution, and, though hundreds of similar emissaries were at work all over the country, it was not until September 1875 that the standard of revolt could openly be raised. Another theory is that, instead of expelling him from Odessa in 1873, the Russians provided him and others with money to go about fomenting insurrection within the Turkish dominions. On this point it is hard to obtain certain information, but otherwise it is difficult to account for the young peasant's maintenance during these years, for conspiracy had not then been raised to the rank of a learned profession. The Turks made short work of the insurrection, a price was put upon Stamboloff's head, and he took refuge in Roumania. As to the price upon his head, he found pleasure in recalling it when the Sultan received him in audience and presented him with a diamond snuffbox two years ago. At Bucharest he maintained himself by journalism until the Russo-Turkish War made it safe for him to return. In 1879 he was elected a member of the Assembly at Tirnova, and when Bishop Clement formed a Cabinet Stamboloff was to be found upon the opposition benches in the Sobranje. These two men have been implacable enemies throughout their careers, and it is strange to note that, at the very time of Stamboloff's murder, Clement was being received with conspicuous cordiality at St. Petersburg. The rest of the acts of Stamboloff are too conspicuously written in Bulgarian history to dwell upon here. But his treatment of Karaveloff, the friend of his boyhood, when he threatened to become a rival cannot be passed over. It was after the abduction of Prince Alexander, in which both regents were more or less implicated, that Stamboloff persuaded the other that it would appease public opinion if he went to prison for a week or two; but, the key once turned upon his rival, Stamboloff kept him shut up for over two years.

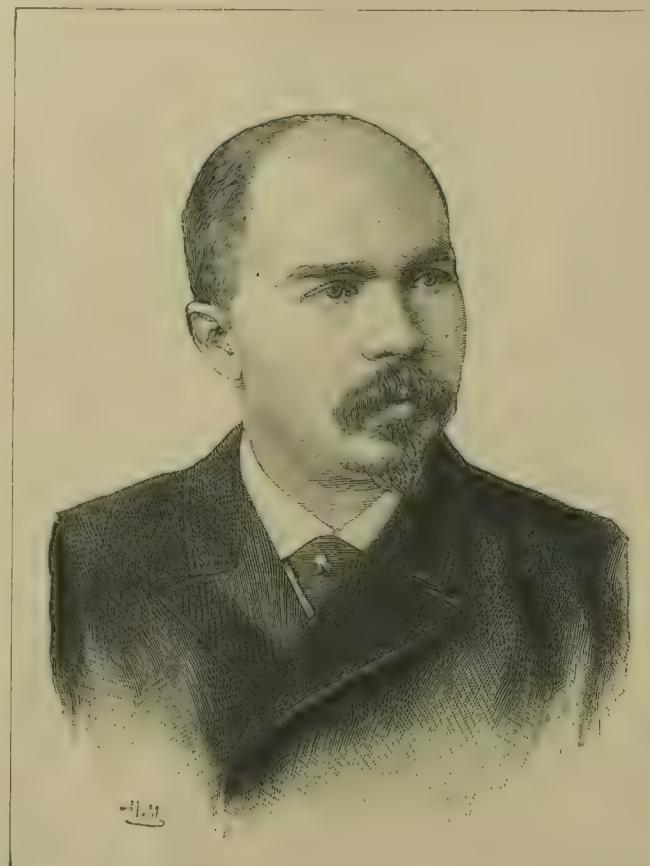
As may be imagined, Stamboloff's education was greatly neglected in his youth. Unlike many self-made men, he never set himself to remedy this in after-years. It was not that he had any special predilections for outdoor life. Like every Bulgarian, he was an unerring marksman with stones at long distances, he could jump surprisingly, and he sometimes went out snipe-shooting in the marshes near Sofia. Outside this, he was distinctly a sedentary man. And yet he read very rarely; he scarcely had a single book in his house. Oddly enough, he possessed a certain sense of rhythm, and could compose popular songs of a successful kind. He was always a poor linguist, and not only spoke execrable French, but was far from fluent even in his own language. As a general rule, he was a man of iron, without a particle of mercy in his character, and he would lay bare his motives with unabashed cynicism. But there were times when he would give way to a kind of frenzied enthusiasm, very similar to that ascribed to Cromwell on the eve of his victories. He would sing doggedly to himself, mutter the

same phrase over and over again in a kind of defiant chant, or clench his fists and declaim with all the aspirations of a schoolboy debater—but with less than his lucidity—high-flown sentiments about the beneficence of his rule and intentions. He could sing in a deep, semi-barbaric way, and one of the pleasantest recollections of him is of a rattling song with a vigorous, marching chorus, which he sang at a dinner at the Union Club. He remarked at the time that that song ought only to be sung to the accompaniment of revolvers fired at random in the air. He was an intrepid gambler at the club, but was apparently born under a lucky star, for it never seemed possible for him to lose. He was naturally very taciturn, but if he were in the mood, or if he had any object to gain, he could rouse himself and make himself distinctly agreeable. His manners were always elementary, and his temper of the shortest. The Prince of Bulgaria is by no means the only one who has had to complain of Stamboloff's rudeness, even where ladies were concerned. In appearance he favoured the bull-dog, but he had not the bull-dog's fidelity or the bull-dog's good-nature. To sum up, his character was one which appeals very strongly to a certain type of person, but which is not likely to obtain at large that consideration which he consistently withheld from others.

GUNPOWDER TREASON.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Was the Gunpowder Plot "a put-up thing"? This is the question practically raised by Father Gerard's papers in the Month for December 1894 to May 1895. That Catholics



THE LATE M. STAMBOLOFF, THE BULGARIAN STATESMAN.
BORN 1853; DIED JULY 18, 1895, FROM WOUNDS INFILCTED BY ASSASSINS IN THE
STREETS OF SOFIA.

and some Protestants from the first took this view—namely, that Cecil, at least, had long held all the threads of the conspiracy, and knotted them about the plotters' necks when he chose, is certain enough; but a hearsay report about Archbishop Usher "that if Papists knew what he knew the blame of the Gunpowder Treason would not lie on them" does not deserve much attention.

In all affairs of this kind the partisans of the incriminated persons cry out that the plot was got up, or wilfully winked at, by the Government. On the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke some Irish patriots held this kind of language. "The landlords were at the bottom of it." Again, after the Gowrie conspiracy the Scotch clergy refused to accept James's word. As Conkey, in "Oliver Twist," robbed himself, so James had contrived the Gowrie conspiracy. Doubtless he was not incapable of it, but, constitutionally timid, he never would have arranged a sham plot whereby he put his own person in great danger; and in danger he certainly was. If the Gunpowder Plot was at least long known to and connived at by Cecil, I doubt if the King was admitted to the secret.

The common story of the discovery runs thus: On Oct. 26, ten days before Parliament met, Lord Monteagle suddenly (and unexpectedly?) supped at Hoxton, where he had not been for a year. A letter was brought to him at dinner by his page, who had received it "from a man in the street." This anonymous epistle Monteagle gave to a gentleman to read aloud. It warned him not to attend Parliament, but "the danger is passed as soon as you have burned the letter." Now there are three official versions of what followed—(1) "The King's Book," ascribed to the pen of James; (2) "The Relation," prepared by Cecil for the Privy Council of Nov. 7, 1605; (3) a "Dispatch," by

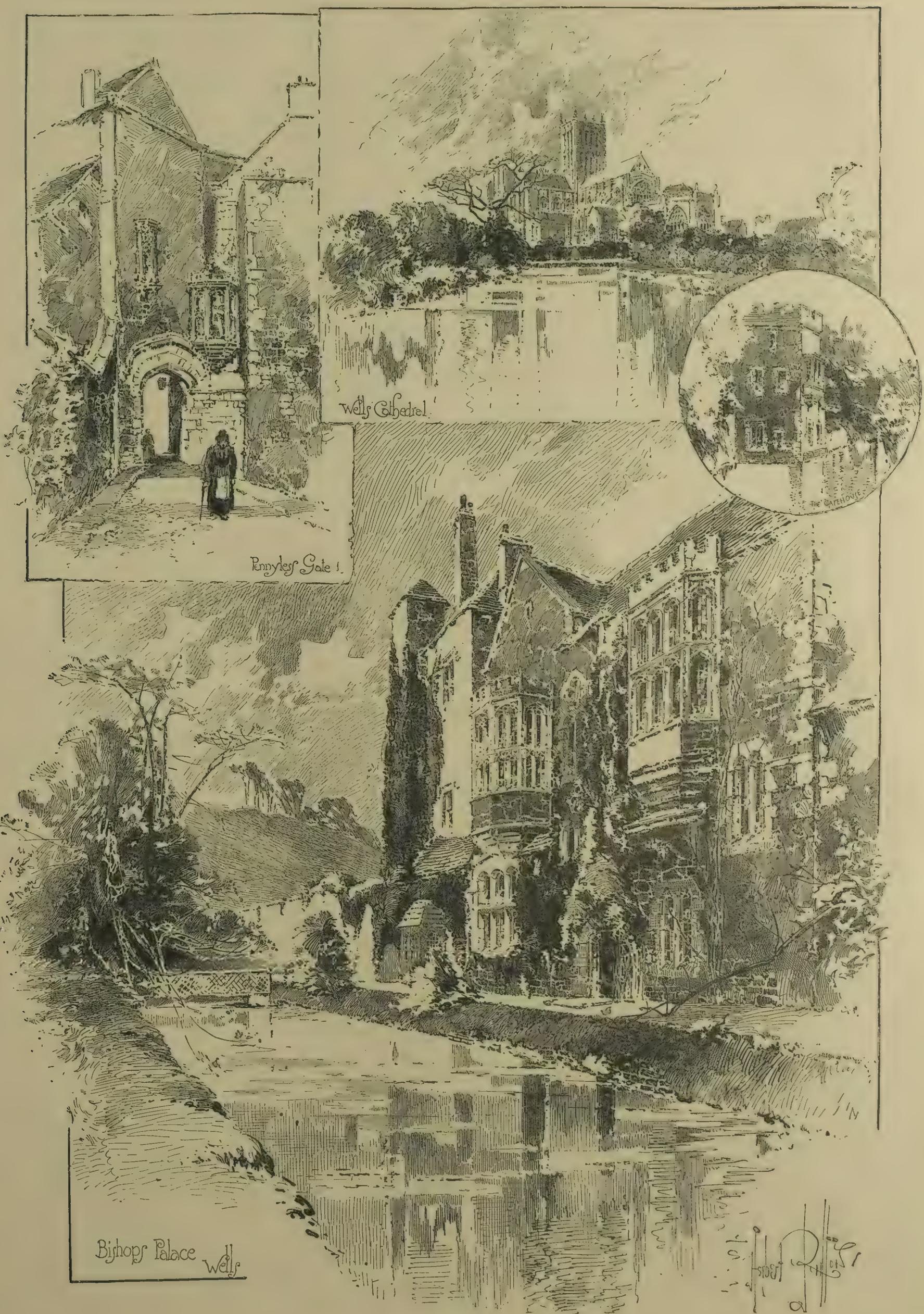
Cecil to Sir Charles Cornwallis, our Ambassador in Spain. In the draft preamble of a grant to Monteagle, the letter revealed by him is called "the first and only means to discover" the plot, the words "and only" being inserted in Cecil's hand. Yet in his "Dispatch" he says that he had "sufficient advertisement of a practice in hand for some stirre in this parliament," by the very men who laid the powder. Those men were "unfavourably known to the police," yet we are asked to believe that they were allowed, for months, to occupy the long chamber under the House of Lords, and to store there four tons of gunpowder. It is as if eminent Fenians or Anarchists were permitted to do the same thing at the present day. This is a staggering demand on our credulity.

Again, writing to Cornwallis, Cecil says that he and Suffolk, having "sufficient advertisement," as already stated, could think of no feasible conspiracy except by gunpowder while the King was in the House of Lords. He also admits that they thought it better to keep what they partly knew and partly guessed from the King till three or four days before Parliament met. On Nov. 1, says the "Relation," Monteagle's letter was shown to James, they waiting for an exhibition of his "almost divine power" of intuition. James fancied himself a perfect Sherlock Holmes. He pounced on the phrase "The danger is past as soon as you have burned the letter." "As soon as" meant "as quickly," which pointed to gunpowder. So the King himself says in "The King's Book." The three official reports make three different and irreconcilable statements as to who were present when his Majesty thus played the part of

M. Lecoq. Thus we have the contradiction that Cecil was well "advertised" or informed, and suspected powder, while James has the credit of smelling out the powder. Cecil knows beforehand, on one showing; on another, Monteagle's letter is his only source of information. Father Gerard now turns to documents in the State Paper Office which have already been published. The first of these is a spy's letter, which "must have been written" in April 1604, eighteen months before the fatal fifth of November 1605. The spy mentions one Davis, who has "set," or spotted, a lot of priests, and will "divulge their treason" as soon as he gets his pardon; and he got it on April 25, 1604. In March 1606 the spy applies for a reward for "discovering of villainous practices." Now, the spy's correspondent was Sir Thomas Chaloner; and he is spoken of, in another application of the spy's, as "having a hand in the discovery of the practices of the Jesuits in the Powder." These practices, says the spy, he had been revealing "for two years' space almost before the said treason." As Father Gerard says, on this and other evidence, the Government "were working a Catholic plot of some kind and were especially anxious to implicate priests and prominent laymen." The object of his essays is to show that priests (contrary to the common theory) were not really implicated, though Father Garnet's position was of the most painful kind. He knew, under seal of confession, that something was being contrived. If he gave a general warning he would, of course, be tortured to make him disclose more than perhaps he knew; at all events the name of his penitent would be sought for by rack and rope. If the schemes spoken of by the spy were not gunpowder treason then they were a sham plot, like Titus Oates's; if they were gunpowder treason, then Cecil knew of it from the first, and let it ripen.

When we turn to the details of the plot and discovery, they do seem, on the face of them, incredible. That men of well-known treasonable purpose should have been allowed, first to mine (and what became of the extracted earth and stones?) next to rent the ground floor of the House of Lords, next to obtain four tons of powder and stow that mass in the chamber, all without exciting suspicion, is too great a demand on our belief. And, when all was over, the chamber continued to be let in the old easy-going way. The heads of the conspiracy—Percy and Catesby—were shot in open field. Percy had just been travelling, "on the King's especial service," with a pass. Was Percy a traitor, conveniently put out of the way before the trial of the other conspirators? On the whole, the least improbable conclusion seems to have been that Cecil, who wanted a plot for political ends, found this one ready to hand, nursed it, and, by a stroke of humour, allowed James to have the pleasure of the discovery. The evidence against the Jesuits, extracted by torture and garbled, is worth very little, but Father Garnet does not seem to have been at ease in his conscience.

The Shahzada of Afghanistan, on July 17, accompanied by Lord George Hamilton in the two-fold capacity of Secretary of State for India and Chairman of the London School Board, inspected the Board School in William Street, Hammersmith Road, and showed much interest in the methods of teaching. This school has about 1400 children, boys and girls; the head master is Mr. James Murray. The Board School inspector, Mr. G. Ricks, assisted in explaining the system of instruction.



RAMBLING SKETCHES: WELLS, SOMERSET.



AT THE SEASIDE: FRESH SHRIMPS.



THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

LITERATURE.

SOCIAL LIFE IN FRANCE.

French Men and French Manners. By Albert D. Vandam. (Chapman and Hall).—Mr. Vandam is a lively gossip, and his books about France contain much curious information which is not always precisely accurate and many generalisations which are not always philosophical. In the present volume the attitude of the author is scarcely friendly to the French. He says he is not "in good odour" across the Channel, and it may be remarked on this that if a Frenchman were to write of London with an eye kept as steadily on the unfavourable side of London life and character as Mr. Vandam's eye is kept on the least agreeable aspects of Paris, there would be little disposition here to accept the foreign judgment as strictly impartial. Mr. Vandam touches many blots in the French civilisation; it would be quite as easy to find blots, equally numerous and equally black, in the country to which he says he owes his "allegiance." This patriotism is creditable, but somehow it seems a little obtrusive. Mr. Vandam has lived a great deal in Paris. Why should he be so anxious to remind us that his "allegiance"—not his nationality apparently—is British? The point would be of no importance were it not for the constant suggestion that for some reason Mr. Vandam is holding a brief against the French. In his new book the proportion of praise to censure is very small indeed. Moreover, distrust of the writer's judgment is excited by his habit of reasoning from the particular to the general. According to Mr. Vandam the average Parisian is a very stupid creature, and the *esprit parisien* is possessed by, at most, about two thousand persons in all. Even the Parisian with *esprit* will do incredibly foolish and even wicked things. To illustrate this temperament we have a story of a certain Chadru-Duclos, an ardent Royalist, who in the Revolution of 1830 observed some boys firing from a barricade at the Royalist troops. Their firing was so wild that Duclos, who was a magnificent shot, undertook to show them "how to do it." He brought down three men amid frantic applause, and when asked why he did not continue this excellent practice, he replied, "I can't, you see, I belong to their side. I only came up here to show these lads how to do it." This legend may be true or not; no authority for it is cited, and we are always suspicious of yarns of this kind. But even if true, how does it sustain a general proposition as to the character of the Parisians? On evidence equally good the French long believed that it was the habit of Englishmen to sell their wives at Smithfield. Mr. Vandam is at great pains to show that the Parisians are the slaves of phrases, often of phrases which pretend to be original when they are not. In the country to which Mr. Vandam owes his "allegiance," he will find endless phrases, repeated as if they were new, especially at election times, and quite as potent as any real or borrowed epigram in Paris. But it would be just as unreasonable to say that the English are slaves of phrases as it is to say that they regard everything from the point of view of the shopkeeper. Many of Mr. Vandam's social studies of French life are interesting; but the reader must be on his guard against the typical cases. "The most amiable people on the face of the earth, as the Parisians call themselves, are undoubtedly the most unneighbourly." And to support this sweeping opinion, Mr. Vandam tells us that "one may live in a house for ten years and not know the name of his neighbour on the same landing, unless the gossip of the servants acquaints him with it." Mr. Vandam might live in a London street for ten years with precisely the same experience. His book has much entertaining matter, but it is full of these hasty judgments, based on imperfect observation. "A thorn," says Mr. Vandam, "will sting, name it whatsoever you will, and France being committed to a colonial policy which she cannot carry out, and does not abandon, she will be for many years a thorn in the side of England." This may be so; but we cannot see that it is of much use to Mr. Vandam in his study of French manners.

AN ANCIENT HOUSE AND AN OLD FAMILY.

Mannington and the Walpoles. By Lady Dorothy Neville. (Fine Art Society).—By the joint aid of pen and camera Lady Dorothy Neville has produced an interesting account of an ancient house and of an old family. As a matter of fact, the original owners of the former have long since disappeared, and the reminiscences of the latter, so far as they relate to the house, are humorous rather than heroic. Although the Walpole family became possessed of Mannington a hundred and fifty years ago, they seem not to have taken up their abode there until early in the present century. Of the original house little is known and next to nothing remains. The manor belonged to Aylmer de Valence, grandson of the Earl of March who married King John's widow, but was disposed of by him during his lifetime—probably mortgaged and unredeemed. He granted the manor to Walter Turrell or Tyrrell, whose only daughter and heiress conveyed it successively to her two husbands Walter Hewell or Dennell and Henry Lumner. A hundred years later the grandson of the second husband married the granddaughter of the first, and thus the properties of Mannington and Steringham were again united. Two generations later William Monivaux, who had married the heiress of the Lumners, built of stone and black flints the present hall, "embattled castleway by a license from the king." After many changes the property passed into the family of Potts, which had been resident in and connected with the district for two or three centuries at least. A descendant, Sir John Potts (not Sir Charles, as Lady Neville says), who although created a baronet in 1641, was in the following year already taking sides with Parliamentarians, was appointed Deputy Lieutenant of Norwich city, and took an active part in organising the Eastern "Association." There were five generations of the Potts family who occupied the house at Mannington in direct descent, and not two only to bridge

over the hundred years, as Lady Neville would seem to assign to this family. On what evidence the statement rests that the Potts were ruined by the South Sea Bubble does not appear; but in view of the fact that the crash came in 1720, and Lady Potts lived in peaceable possession of Mannington until 1736—five years after her husband's death—the collapse of the family was at all events very much delayed. There is no doubt, however, that the family then disappeared, and the baronetcy became extinct, leaving behind them many memorials in stone and marble, among which the epitaph of the sister (or aunt) of the first baronet is worth rescuing from oblivion. She was the wife of Thomas Louther, Rector of Letheringset—

Katherine Louther:

A lower taken higher.

Here lies a lover of the Deity,
Embalmed with odours of her piety.
Here lies she: may, this lower did aspire:
Here lyce her ashes—she is taken higher.

Mannington in 1736 passed into the possession of Horatio Walpole, younger brother of the great Sir Robert Walpole, a distinguished diplomatist who was created Lord Walpole of Wolterton, whose son was created Earl of Orford. Both of these noblemen apparently continued to live at Wolterton, and it was not until the present century that the contents and adornments of that house were in part removed to Mannington. By degrees, apparently, the attractions of the latter place have prevailed over its old rival only about eight miles off, and during the lifetime of the late Earl much was done to restore the home at Mannington, and to make the contents of its various rooms worthy of the exterior. Of these treasures Lady Dorothy Neville gives a full and interesting account, as well as a very complete series of photographs; but quaint and valuable as many of these decorations and *bibelots* may be, they cannot draw away one's attention from the beauties of the Grove and the ruins of the old chapel, in which the records of the past are now reverently preserved.

A FRENCH CRITIC ON ENGLISH ART.

There is need in this country of a work on contemporary art modelled on the lines of M. R. de la Sizeranne's *La Peinture Anglaise Contemporaine*. (Hachette, 1895.) This volume, of which a considerable portion has appeared in the form of articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is of especial interest just now, when the tendencies of English art have been so pitilessly attacked by the philosopher who writes under the name of Max Nordau. The French critic very truly dates the rise of modern art from the appearance of the Pre-Raphaelites, and his account of the struggle between the new and old schools is singularly clear and free from party bias. The reaction of which they were the standard-bearers was clearly traceable to a condition of things in the art-world which English writers too often leave out of sight; and it is the merit of M. de la Sizeranne's book that it places before us not only the condition of English art about 1844, but shows what were the mental and moral influences at work which rendered revolt inevitable. Not the least interesting portion of the volume is the chapter in which he shows how, after the combined movement of the "Brotherhood," its various members with their followers developed freely and individually their own special aims and views. In this way he reaches the present day, and discusses with much discernment and impartiality the different schools of painting which have grown out of the original movement. In explaining and commenting on the subjects of certain of the greater works of Millais, Watts, Burne-Jones, and others, M. de la Sizeranne does not adopt the view of the American lady who called upon Mr. Holman Hunt while he was painting his "Procession of the Innocents." The artist offered to explain the legend to the lady. "No," she replied, "I divide history into events which ought to have happened and which ought not to have happened. Your picture belongs to the latter category." M. de la Sizeranne, on the contrary, thinks that in many cases the explanation of the painter's thought will often assist in understanding the painter's method, and we thoroughly appreciate the manner in which he carries his view into execution.

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XLVIII. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—The new volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" is the forty-eighth, and some little way has been made in it with the letter P. This great monument of literary skill, industry, and publishing enterprise is therefore within measurable distance of completion. Since the first volume was issued there has been a change of editors, some old contributors have disappeared or rarely appear, and many who are new have been added. But though builders and workmen may not be quite the same, the plan of the work as laid down by the first editor, Mr. Leslie Stephen, remains unaltered, and the designs of the original architect are being carried out on the foundation which he saw strongly laid. There is the same attention paid to the claims of the Old and of the New, and the same careful exploration of the byways as well as of the highways of British biography. In the new volume two of the longest and most elaborate biographies are those of Matthew Paris, the monkish chronicler of the thirteenth century, and Charles Stewart Parnell, the Home Rule leader of the nineteenth. It was only this year that Lord Selborne died, but there is a careful memoir of him in the volume, though not more careful than those of two other and very different Palmers—one the Rugely poisoner, and the other Thomas Fysshe Palmer, who little more than a hundred years ago was sentenced at Edinburgh to seven years' transportation for having advocated universal suffrage and short Parliaments. Among the bearers of the name of Parsons, there figures in the volume Parsons the famous Jesuit, to whom many pages are devoted; but there is also a succinct while sufficient account of Elizabeth Parsons, the girl of twelve whose imposture, the "Cock Lane Ghost," threw all London,

fashionable and plebeian, into commotion, and whose case was gravely investigated in person by Dr. Johnson himself. A very amusing article, probably by an oversight not signed, is that on Partridge the almanack-maker, the victim of Swift's satire. Though "National," the dictionary is not tied down to biographies of natives of Great Britain only. Foreigners whose lot has been cast and who have distinguished themselves within its borders are admitted, hence the memoir of Papin, the inventor of the once famous Papin's digester, and Fellow, as well as for a time Curator, of the Royal Society. Papineau, the Canadian rebel, was clearly entitled to the notice which he receives. Can this be said of General Paoli, whose residence in England was simply that of an exile? Yet who would protest against the space given to an interesting sketch of Boozzy's Corsican hero, of whom Boozzy's Johnson said that "Paoli had the loftiest port of any man that he had ever seen"? Among old contributors who show their characteristic ability and fullness of knowledge, Professor Laughton deals, as usual, with our naval worthies, while Dr. Richard Garnett shows a loyal and very profound appreciation of his former chief in an exhaustive and most eulogistic biography of Sir Anthony Panizzi, the late Principal Librarian of the British Museum, and Mr. Leslie Stephen writes on Tom Paine, on Tom Paine's opposite, Paley, of the "Evidences," and very genially on Dr. Parr, "the Whig Dr. Johnson." A quite new contributor is the writer of the lengthy memoir of Charles Stewart Parnell. He does not sign it, but the secret of the authorship has speedily ceased to be one. It is, on the whole, impartial, and is a remarkably lucid and skilful narrative, full of facts and dates, not only of Parnell's career, but of our whole political and Parliamentary history so far as it is connected with that of Ireland and of the Home Rule movement during Parnell's lifetime.

MOUNTAINEERING.

My Climbs in the Alps and Caucasus. By A. F. Mummery. (Fisher Unwin).—The popularity of Alpine literature seems to be inexhaustible, and, curiously enough, it seems even to increase as the subjects become more highly technical. Thirty years ago Alpine narratives consisted very largely of matter in which the ordinary tourist could take an intelligent interest. Many of the adventures were of a kind which might befall, perhaps had befallen, himself; much of the description dealt with scenery or places which he had visited or might hope to visit. But about these there is not much more to be said; and the writer who would produce anything fresh on the subject of "Alpine Sport" is driven further and further towards those branches of it in which only a few can participate. It may be safely said that among the readers of Mr. Mummery's book not more than a very few score will get any clear idea of the places and the incidents which he describes, and of these a good many will get a totally false idea; not from any want of clearness or detail in his way of describing, but simply because they have had no experience in any way commensurate with his. The old books were for the general reader; this is for experts. In a word, we will venture to assert that at least twice as many copies of this book have been printed as were printed of "Wanderings in the High Alps" or "The Playground of Europe." It is an odd phenomenon, in some aspects not wholly pleasing. But this is not the place for pessimistic meditations; nor, indeed, is it easy to indulge in any such when one is fresh from reading the jovial Mr. Mummery. He, at any rate, knows all about it, and if "the public" will have books of this kind and fancy they like them, no better purveyor of the article could be found. The illustrations, photogravure, lithograph, or process, are about as good as they make them, even in Germany. Some are from Mr. Pennell's drawings, others from photographs by various well-known amateurs. In regard to these latter it would have been a help to the reader who reads for instruction if the bearing had in every case been stated.

GOODWOOD, BRIGHTON, AND LEWES RACES.

The arrangements of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company, including the running of special trains for the convenience of their patrons during the Sussex fortnight, commencing July 29, are now being announced as completed; and for the Goodwood Meeting special arrangements have been made by the railway company, assisted by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and also by the Brighton and Portsmouth Corporations, for the watering of the roads between the Drayton and Chichester stations and Goodwood Park. The Brighton Company also give notice that their West End Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, will remain open until 10 p.m. on July 26, 27, 29, 30, and 31, and Atg. 1, 2, and 3, for the sale of tickets to Littlehampton, Bognor, Drayton, Chichester, Midhurst, Singleton, Portsmouth, Southsea, Isle of Wight, Brighton, Worthing, Seaford, Lewes, Eastbourne, Bexhill, Hastings, etc., at the same fares as charged at the stations. Similar tickets can also be obtained any day at their New City Office, 6, Arthur Street East, near the Monument.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.—BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

The availability of the special cheap week-end tickets issued by ordinary trains to the seaside on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Aug. 2, 3, and 4, will be extended to Wednesday, Aug. 7.

Special Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Wednesday tickets will also be issued from London to Dieppe.

On Saturday, Aug. 3, a fourteen-day excursion to Paris by the picturesque route through the charming scenery of Normandy, to the terminus near the Madeleine, via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by the special day express service and also by the fixed night express service on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, Aug. 1 to 5 inclusive.

Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight.

On Bank Holiday, Monday, Aug. 5, day trips at special excursion fares will be run to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Lewes, Newhaven, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings.

For the Crystal Palace holiday entertainments extra trains will be run to and from London as required by the traffic.

The Brighton Company announce that their West-End Offices—28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, July 29 to Aug. 3, for the sale of the special cheap tickets, and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line, and to the Continent, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

Similar tickets at the same fares may also be obtained at the Company's City Offices, 6, Arthur Street, East; and Hays' Agency, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, Cornhill, and at Cook's Offices, Ludgate Circus, 415, West Strand, 99, Gracechurch Street, 82, Oxford Street, and Euston Road; Gaze's Offices, 142, Strand, and 18, Westbourne Grove; 4, Northumberland Avenue, and Piccadilly Circus; Myers' Offices, 343, Gray's Inn Road, and 1A, Pentonville Road; and Jakins' Offices, 6, Camden Road, 99, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate; Swan and Leach's Offices, 3, Charing Cross, and 32, Piccadilly Circus; also at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster, and the Civil Service Supply Association, 136, Queen Victoria Street.

A VISIT TO TAFILET

BY WALTER B. HARRIS, F.R.G.S.

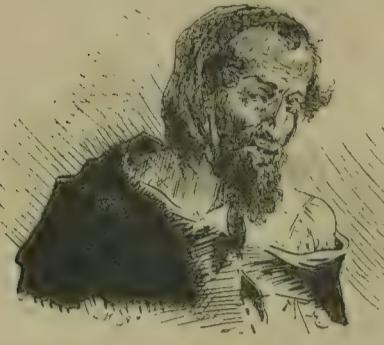
II.—MARAKESH.

Once more I find myself in Marakesh, the southern capital of Morocco. It seems every item of it strangely

familiar—for it is under a year since I left the town—and yet as novel as ever. It is, no doubt, a depressing place, with its half-ruined houses and walls, its mosques peeling their once-gorgeous tiles, and its muddy or dusty streets, for this city that once boasted so much that was learned and beautiful has sunk to a state of physical and moral decay. One cannot help feeling sorry; and yet with Marakesh, as it exists to-day, it is difficult, when one has become accustomed to its life, to find fault. There is a strange appropriateness in its state of ruin that would not exist were the houses and public buildings in good repair. One does not expect to find any of such beauties as exist at Cairo, for instance, for Morocco City never possessed the wealth of that Eastern town, nor has it ever, owing to its position, been a great centre of trade. So it is that one finds purely local colouring, a stinted variety of architecture and design, and none of the wealth of domes and minarets that one so essentially connects with the Orient—though that term as applied to Morocco is absolutely incorrect, as it lies to the west of the meridian of Greenwich. But in spite of its ruins and its lack of grandeur, Marakesh is a picturesque old place enough. There are no "sights" to see, yet every inch of it presents variety and charm. Here it is the crowd of strange peoples in the narrow bazaars, there the ever-present minaret of the Koutoubia mosque; again elsewhere some walled garden, green with orange and olive and palm, and fretted with streams of sparkling water. Then, again, there are the great open courtyards of the Sultan's palace, thoroughfares and free to the world, whether "believer, infidel, or Jew."

But to leave generalities and revert more particularly to some of the sights and scenes of the southern capital. The city of Morocco—Marakesh the Moors call it—lies in the wide plain of the valley of the Wad Tensift, the waters of which, drawn off by innumerable channels, flow through the town itself. Almost entirely surrounding the city, the

circumference of which is some eight miles, are immense groves of palm-trees and walled gardens, which, on account of the unlimited supply of water, are luxuriant in the extreme, and probably there is no place in the world where vegetables and fruit can be bought so cheaply as in the local markets. Besides the bazaars, of which there are endless crooked streets, there are two large markets, held on Thursday and Friday of each week, the former just without the city walls, near the Dukala gate; the second in the Sök Jumma el-Fanar, in the centre of the town. Here the tribespeople from the surrounding country collect every week to do their trade. Camels laden with grain come lurching by, the Arab driver shouting "Balak! balak!" to warn the crowd to make room. Here, too, are the Berbers for the Atlas, speaking the Shelha tongue, unlike the Semitic Arabs in feature, and hating them with an undying hatred. Fine, honest fellows they are, and hardy from the rough life they lead in the heights of the Atlas Mountains, always at war with one another's villages. With them there is none of the wild screaming and shouting that is so common among the Moors: they come and go quietly, interfering with no man; good-tempered and ready to laugh at the slightest provocation. In the markets, too, horses, mules, donkeys, camels, and cattle are offered for sale, and a gay sight it is to see the auctioneers cantering to and fro on handsome Barb horses, shouting out awhile the merits of the steed and the offer of the last bidder. Here, too,



A JEWISH BANKER OF THE CITY OF MOROCCO.



A GENERAL VIEW OF MOROCCO CITY.

collect the fortune-tellers and the snake-charmers and the story-tellers, without whom no large gathering of Moors is complete. Certainly, one of the sights best worth seeing in all Morocco is the Thursday market, crowded with man and beast, while for a background there are the yellow walls of the city, and its palm-groves, and beyond them again the snowy peaks of the great Atlas range.

But even more interesting than this market are the bazaars, where one wanders for hours among intricate narrow streets, lined on both sides with the shops of the merchants and workmen. As is usual throughout all Eastern countries, each trade has a separate street to itself. Thus one finds a whole quarter put aside for the workers in leather, for which Marakesh is famous, the front of the shops gay with the scarlet leather and gaudy embroidered bags which with the Moor answer the purpose of pockets. So, too, the merchants of woollen and silk and cotton goods have their bazaars, though these are more pretentious, being entered through fine gateways, one or two handsomely decorated, and being protected from rain and the hot rays of the sun by a domed roofing of wood. Then there is the quarter of the dyers, gay with skeins of coloured wool hanging in the sun to dry; and of the



INSIDE YARD OF SULTAN'S PALACE IN MOROCCO CITY.

gunmakers, where the strange primæval-looking firearms are manufactured. Another long roofed-in street contains the box-like shops of the grocers, the air heavy with the scent of spice and perfume; and here it is that every afternoon is held an auction of brass and copper work, kettles, trays, and coffee-pots predominating. Near this is the "Kaiseriyeh," or large auction market, where more valuable goods, such as silver daggers, rich clothing, and carpets, are sold. Adjoining this bazaar is a street given up to the yellow leather and gaudy embroidered slippers of the men and women respectively, and a minute's walk thence brings one to an ill-lit bazaar in the tiny shops of which are exhibited the beautiful saddlery of the country—the saddles and trappings of velvets, silks, and gold presenting a sight never to be forgotten. But more even than with the contents of the shops is one struck by the passers-by. Rich merchants and officials, the latter accompanied by soldiers, ride by on handsome saddled mules, gazed at in wonder and envy by the crowd of Arabs and the tall, thin Berbers in their distinctive dress of the "Khenif," or long-hooded cloak of black wool, ornamented behind with a strange oblong design in dull red and colours. Half-starved soldiers of the Sultan's army, often shoeless and almost in rags, go to and fro seeking what they can devour. The cringing Jew is there too, looking for the opportunity of gain; women muffled in their blanket-like "hails," from which their flashing eyes alone are visible; and the gamin, the same all the world over, be he Moslem or infidel, plays his pranks and makes a noise. In the afternoon it is all bustle and movement, and in spite of its ruins and its

forlorn appearance, the city wears quite a flourishing commercial aspect for a few hours every day.

Issuing from the bazaars, one loses oneself in long narrow streets, seemingly unending, and leading to



A DIFFICULT PASSAGE THROUGH A STREET IN MOROCCO CITY.



ENTERING MARAKESH.

nowhere in particular, upon which the blank windowless walls of the houses look down in uninviting aspect. Here, too, the streets are almost deserted, except for the slow-waited Moor, who is leaving or returning to his home, for this is essentially the residential quarter of the city. There is yet a third division of the city, entirely separated from the rest by high walls, in which is situated a remarkably

above them—a wonderful tower, 270 ft. in height, of carved stone and green tiles. Delicate traceries in the uncoloured stone—a dull grey-brown in hue—surround the windows, while the summit, a dome, is surmounted by three gold balls, diminishing in height, one above the other. Certainly the Kütubia is the sight of Marakesh, for not only is it an object of imposing beauty, but forms a

a more powerful saint than themselves, so they sent and told him that he must not enter the place. Being all alone, Sidi bel Abbas took up his residence upon the summit of a high rock, called Jibel Galis, to the



THE SOK JUMMA-EL-FANAR, THE PRINCIPAL PLACE IN MOROCCO CITY.

fine old gateway of carved stone, a remnant of the old-world Moors, whose superiority to the present race shows itself not only in their history, but also in the many existing monuments of the architectural skill. This gate leads one into the Kasbah, or official quarter of Marakesh. Here the streets are wider and the houses mostly only of one storey in height. It is in this quarter that most of the "hangars on" about the Court live, though the viziers and high officials prefer the more fashionable districts of the "Medina" or Kütubia. In the Kasbah the only object of note is the old minaret of the modern "Government mosque." Though not equal either in height or in proportions to the great tower of the Kütubia, of which more anon, its decoration, now sadly falling away, in green, black, and white tiles, is very fine. Passing along a straight street bordered by small houses and shops, another series of high "tabia" walls is reached, issuing through a gate in which one enters the enormous courtyard—or, rather, public square—of the palace. These are three in number, and are surrounded on all sides by walls, many of which possess handsome gateways in the more modern Moorish style, into which certain suggestions of Europe have crept, for instance, in the Corinthian capitals to the pillars, though as far as that goes the famous gate of Mansour El-Alj at Mequinez shows the same peculiarity, though it dates from the happier days of Moorish art. Of the palace itself but little is visible. Above the high whitewashed walls appear, it is true, domes and cupolas of green tiles, and here and there some rich decoration in a dull red, geometric designs traced on yellow walls, can be seen; while the tops of cypress-trees tell tales of gardens within. But beyond that the palace is a hidden world, even to the Court officials of the Sultan, for the pavilions and galleries and shady arcades are given up to his Majesty's women-kind, who, if rumour speaks truly, are many. All business is carried on by the Sultan in an office adjoining, but not within the precincts of the palace.

There are many gardens within the city of Morocco, the greater part being situated in the Kütubia district, so called from the great minaret, which seems to keep guard

landmark for the country for miles round. As one rides over the level plains—ay, forty miles away—the Kütubia stands up above the horizon, a tiny point. Even from high in the Atlas Mountains I have been able to discern it far away below, rising from the surrounding mass of houses and palm-trees. Marakesh possesses many mosques, two even more famous with the natives than the old Kütubia—namely, those erected on the site of the tombs of Mulai Abdul Aziz and Sidi bel Abbas, the latter the patron saint of the city. Both these holy precincts are in a state of excellent repair; and though neither from without offers any particular architectural beauty, they are within rich in lavish decoration, the ceilings and doors gorgeously and beautifully painted in arabesque designs in gold and rainbow colours, and the walls decorated with delicate traceries in plaster. The floors and dados are of Mosaic tiles, and the tombs themselves hidden in coverings of crimson and gold brocade and embroidery. But one ugly feature is present—a number of European clocks of



THE KÜTUBIA IN MOROCCO CITY.

west of the city, and there built a little sanctuary. From this point he kept in communication with the "saints" within, who at last promised him permission to enter and reside in Marakesh if he could fulfil one condition. On asking what it was, they sent him a bowl full of water, with the message that his desire to reside within the walls would be accomplished if he could add anything to the water; the idea being to show him that the holy saints of the town were like the water in the bowl—quite sufficient for the place, which, if they resembled their descendants of to-day, would be true enough. However, Sidi bel Abbas was not to be done by a mean trick like this, and plucking a rose, held the stalk to the water until it had sucked up enough to allow of its being introduced into the bowl without upsetting any of the liquid. So the bowl was returned to the saints with all the water in it, and, in addition, a rose; which, being interpreted, meant that Sidi bel Abbas was himself as much superior to them as the rose to the water, and that even were the bowl full there was room for improvement by the introduction of the flower, which did not disturb the water, but merely added a beauty and a fragrance that before were absent. So the outwitted saints took their beating in good style and allowed Sidi bel Abbas to reside among them.

My stay on this occasion in Morocco lasted about a week. A pleasant enough time it was, but the delays always occurring in Morocco kept me longer than I had intended, and I was all anxiety to push on with the journey before me. At length everything was ready for the start, and on the afternoon of Nov. 1 last, accompanied by the two or three native followers I was taking with me, and dressed in Moorish clothes, I wended my way through the narrow, crooked streets to the gate called the "Bab Debaa," and left the city en route for the Atlas Mountains and with Taflet as my goal.

(To be continued.)



STREET LEADING TO THE SULTAN'S PALACE, MOROCCO CITY: A SECRETARY OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE GOING TO COURT.

every size and character, from delicate ormolu and Sévres to hideous modern ten-feet structures, manufactured in France, I believe, for the native market.

There is a pretty story connected with the first entry of Sidi bel Abbas into Morocco, which, though common enough among the Arabs, has, I think, never before been seen in print. The saint, a stranger, arrived, and waiting outside the city, sent to the holy men within and announced his coming. Now, the holy men didn't seem at all to wish for an addition to their numbers, or, perhaps,



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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 17, 1887), with a codicil (dated Aug. 16, 1894), of Mr. Edward John Collingwood, J.P., D.L., of Lilburn Tower, Northumberland, who died on Feb. 20, was proved at the Newcastle District Registry on May 31 by Edward John Collingwood, the son, and Watson Askew Robertson, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £294,203. The testator provides portions of £20,000 for each of his four younger children, and bequeaths all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, and household effects to go as heirlooms with Lilburn Tower; all his horses, carriages, animals, wines, consumable stores, and farming stock, and £5000, to his son who succeeds to the settled real estate; £1000 each to his sisters, Ann Read and Mary Collingwood; and £300 each to his executors. All his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold property and the residue of his personal estate he settles upon his eldest son, Edward John Collingwood, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to seniority in tail male.

The will (dated Dec. 23, 1889), with two codicils (dated July 24, 1894, and June 7, 1895), of Mr. Arthur Montefiore Sebag-Montefiore, of 2, Palace Houses, Kensington Gardens, who died on June 13, was proved on July 13 by Mrs. Harriet Sebag-Montefiore, the widow, Michael Aaron Green, Charles Herman Feiling, Edmund Montefiore Sebag-Montefiore, the brother, and Henry Edward Beddington, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to £144,911. The testator bequeaths £100 to the Spanish and Portuguese Jews' Synagogue, £200 to the same synagogue upon trust for investment, the income to be applied in planting with flowers and beautifying the burial-ground belonging to the said synagogue, in which he wishes to be interred; £100 each to the Board of Guardians of the poor of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews' Congregation, the Board of Guardians for the relief of the Jewish poor, Devonshire Square, the Jewish Association for the Diffusion of Religious Knowledge, and the London Hospital; £50 each to the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Asylum, Norwood, the Jews' Deaf and Dumb Home, the Anglo-Jewish Association, St. Mary's Hospital, and the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society; £25 each to the Jews' Soup Kitchen, the Jewish Convalescent Home, the Commons Preservation Society, and the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association; £20 each to the Passover Relief Fund and the Borough Jewish Schools; the articles of silver plate presented to him by Sir Moses Montefiore, to his wife for life, then to his son who shall first attain twenty-one until he shall succeed to the East Cliff estate under the will of Sir Moses Montefiore, and then to his next son; the remainder of his plate, all his furniture and effects, and £1500 to his wife; his residence, with the stables, to his wife for life; and numerous legacies to his father, mother, mother-in-law, and other relatives, clerks, servants, and others. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one moiety upon trust for his wife for life, and then for all his children in

equal shares, and the other moiety at once to all his children in equal shares. The share in the residue of his son who succeeds to the East Cliff estate is not to exceed £6000. He appoints his second son Charles Edward to become a partner in the firm of Joseph Sebag and Co.

The Irish probate, sealed at Kilkenny, of the will (dated Dec. 18, 1883), with a codicil (dated Feb. 5, 1889), of the Right Hon. Frederick George Brabazon, Earl of Bessborough, of 45, Green Street, Grosvenor Square, who died on March 11, granted to the Hon. Sir Spencer Cecil Brabazon Ponsonby Fane, K.C.B., one of the executors, was resealed in London on July 15, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to £114,984. The testator gives £200 to the Head Master of Harrow School, to be applied towards the improvement of the cricket-ground; his moiety of the freehold property known as Field House, held by him jointly with William Nicholson East, to the Head Master of Harrow School, the rent and annual income to be applied for some useful purpose in connection with the said school; a rent-charge of £200 per annum, issuing out of the estates of Lord de Manley, to his sister Lady de Manley; an annuity of £700 to his sister Lady Harriet Frederica Ann Ponsonby; and legacies to nephews, nieces, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to the person who shall at his death succeed to the dignity of Earl of Bessborough.

The will (dated Sept. 20, 1894) of Mr. Phillips Buchanan, J.P., of Hales Hall, Drayton-in-Hales, Staffordshire, who died on April 10, was proved on June 24 by Edward Maltby Wakeman and Thomas Hinton Campbell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £34,115. The testator states that he has already appointed £2500 of the trust funds under his marriage settlement to his daughter Edith Mary Wakeman, and he now appoints £2500, the remaining part of the said trust funds, to his daughter Jessie Marion Critchley-Salmonson. He bequeaths £2000 as an educational trust fund for the purpose of educating his grandson Ronald Critchley-Salmonson at Eton, Winchester, or Charterhouse, and subject thereto for his said grandson; £2000 New South Wales Four-per-Cent Stock upon trust for Mary Harriet Williams, who has been many years in his service, for life, and then for his two daughters; and legacies to grandchildren, nephew, sister-in-law, executors, and servants, including the said Mary Harriet Williams. There are also various specific bequests to his daughters and sons-in-law. As to the residue of his property, real and personal, he leaves one moiety to his daughter Mrs. Wakeman, and the other moiety upon trust for his daughter Mrs. Critchley-Salmonson for life, and then for his grandson Ronald Critchley-Salmonson.

The will (dated Jan. 3, 1888), with two codicils (dated Feb. 11, 1890, and June 13, 1893), of Mr. William Stenning, J.P., of Redhill, Surrey, timber-merchant, who died on May 24 at Worthing, was proved on July 9 by William Lees Stenning, the son, and Henry Stenning, the brother, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £19,101. The testator gives £200,

one carriage, and one carriage horse, all the pictures, books, plate, china, wines, provisions, furniture, goods, chattels, and effects at his dwelling-house, and the income for life of one moiety of his residuary real and personal estate to his wife, Mrs. Hannah Stenning. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his three children—William Lees, Adelaide, and Edith Mary; the shares of his daughters to be held upon trust for them.

The will (dated April 18, 1877) of Mr. Francis Douglas Boggis-Rolfe, J.P., of 69, St. George's Square, Pimlico, who died on April 9, was proved on July 11 by Thomas William Carmalt Jones, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £18,987. The testator bequeaths his household effects to his wife, Mrs. Charlotte Harriet Boggis-Rolfe; and a complimentary legacy to his executor. He devises two freehold farms, etc., at Warmingford, Essex, to his wife, for life, or until she shall remarry, and then to his son who shall first attain twenty-one. The residue of his property, real and personal, he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for his children as she, during widowhood, shall appoint.

The will of Mr. George Daniel Bishopp, J.P., of Hayes Northiam, Sussex, and of 11, Chichester Street, Harrow Road, who died on April 17, was proved on July 9 by the Rev. Thomas Loch Bishopp, the son, and Thomas Boone Nelson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5893.

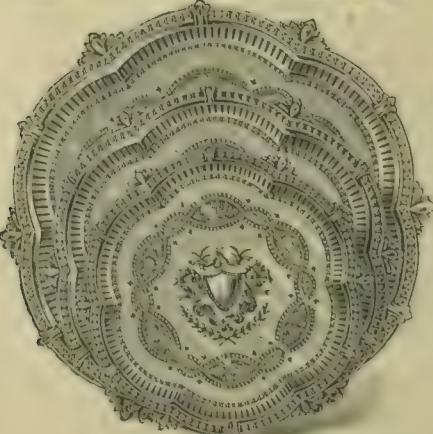
The will of Mr. Robert Henry Lee Warner, D.L., J.P., of Tyberton Court, Herefordshire, who died on March 5 at Cheltenham, was proved on June 24 by Miss Emilia Lucy Gordon, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5833.

Six young men were drowned on Thursday, July 18, by the upsetting of a sailing-boat on Ormesby Broad, near Yarmouth, three of the party being saved. By a similar accident, on the Thames at Putney, a young man named Robert Brooks was drowned. Three lives were lost off Lowestoft, in a shrimping boat, which was run down in the night by a steamer.

The registers at the Imperial Institute show that over one million visitors have entered the Collection and Exhibition Galleries since the opening of the buildings. This total does not include the number of Fellows and their friends who have made use of the club apartments in the building. Of the million who have visited the galleries over 600,000 have been free visitors, and the remainder paying visitors.

King's College, London, is announced to open a new department for the training of teachers for secondary schools. The course is spread over two years, and may be attended by students concurrently with their preparation for the B.A. degree of the University of London. Six exhibitions are offered for competition. Names of candidates are to be sent in before Sept. 16.

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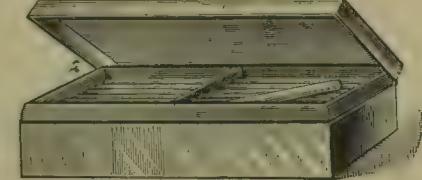


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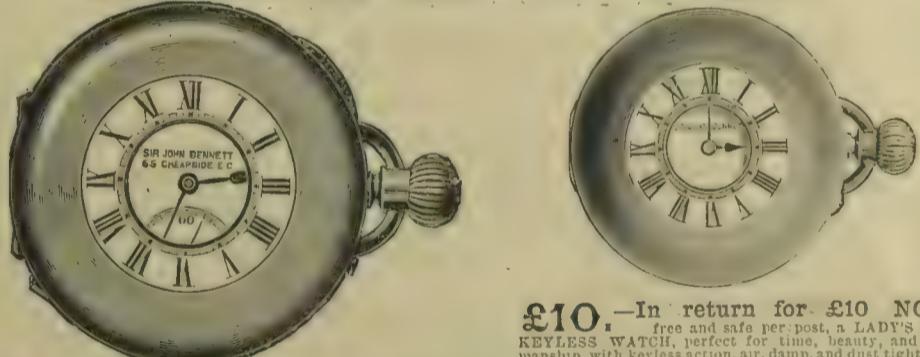
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**SIR RUSSELL REYNOLDS AND THE
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Sir Russell Reynolds, Bart., the President of the Royal College of Physicians, and President-elect of the British Medical Association, is one of the most distinguished men in the medical profession. His baronetcy was one of the Birthday honours of this year, and produced the most unanimous satisfaction throughout the faculty, which no less than royalty has paid the distinguished physician the highest compliment of which it is capable by making him President of the College of Physicians.

Sir Russell Reynolds attained a foremost rank among consultants at an early age, and in 1861 became Professor of Clinical Medicine and Physician to University College. For eighteen years he filled the post of lecturer, and his lectures delivered at nine o'clock in the morning were attended by crowds of students, many of whom, to read only the names of Sir John Williams, Dr. Douglas Powell, Mr. Victor Horsley, Dr. Gowers, Dr. Barlow, and Mr. Barker, have taken first rank in different departments of surgery and medicine.

If Sir Russell's pupils still remember that clearness and scientific precision and breadth of their master's lectures, there are poor hospital patients still living who recall his extreme kindness and gentleness of manner, which has stamped his memory upon the minds of some of them as an ideal physician and perfect gentleman.

In appearance the great physician is tall, dignified, and handsome, with clear-cut features and an unassuming manner, which, however, accentuate rather than lessen a general impression of keenness and power. He is a man of wide culture and taste devoted to art, and himself a musician and artist. Among his most treasured art productions are some exquisite little pictures by Inchbold, who has never won his rightful recognition as a painter. Sir Russell has counted among his friends nearly all the brilliant group of literary and artistic men who have passed away during the last forty years, and he was with Dickens when he died. In reply to a question as to the *raison d'être* and value of the British Medical Association he said to a representative—

"There is no doubt about its importance, for an association that numbers 18,000 doctors, including many of the leading members of the profession, must be representative of nothing else. It began as a small provincial association in which Sir Charles Hastings was the prime mover, some sixty-three years ago, and now there are branches that meet in every large provincial town in England. Medical men have an opportunity of meeting and discussing the progress of medicine, which is invaluable for country doctors, who have attained a high degree of efficiency during the last twenty-five years."

"Will your address in medicine contain anything specially interesting, Sir Russell?"

"At the present moment the whole science of therapeutics is in a most interesting and hopeful stage; and, in my opinion, there has been more progress during the last three years than in the thirty that went before. I

remember the time when such a disease as myodexema was left practically untreated—certainly uncured, and patients lay for months in the hospital as clinical curiosities. Now, owing mainly to the research that is being carried on at the different laboratories, it has been found that feeding such cases on sweetbread has a great influence upon the disease, and the same thing is to be found in numerous directions.

"My paper deals with the change that is taking place in therapeutic science. We are going back from the minerals to animal substances, and I believe that this discovery of inoculating animal substance into diseased parts opens up a field of immeasurable importance. Do I believe in anti-toxin? I should certainly have it and let my wife have it if either of us had diphtheria."

"One more question, Sir Russell: do you believe that the prevalence of so-called nervous diseases is due to overwork?"

"No, I don't think people can work too hard. Work is good. I never went to bed for the first few years I was here till four o'clock, and I at the same time did a lot of walking, climbed mountains, and took plenty of exercise on Saturday afternoons. I am not quite so vigorous now, but then at sixty-seven—!"

But if at sixty-seven one has bodily vigour, faculties that are in the full play of their intellectual activity, and honour and reputation and wisdom, one may regard it as one of the enviable ages of man. This, at least, is the reflection of a journalist who had half-an-hour's talk with the President of the College of Physicians.

In the mining districts of Bohemia the sinking of the earth has caused almost the entire destruction of a small town called Brüx, on the line of railway between Aussig and Teplitz; there has been a sudden fall of houses, and many other dwellings have become uninhabitable, so that numerous families are left destitute.

Japan, now that her national victory is complete, has, it seems, taken to somewhat youthful methods to celebrate the completeness of that victory. The very toys which are manufactured for the delight of Japanese babies are modelled into representations of Chinese ignominy, Chinese defeat, and Japanese victory. Thus, a pleasing variant of the common paper-weight shows the distressed Chinese soldier in an attitude of abject humility clamouring for mercy. There is a mechanical toy, again, which represents Chinese and Japanese war-ships closing for an encounter; the Chinese ship is pierced, down rushes the flag, and amid a wild hurly-burly of pale, metallic waves the doomed vessel sinks. One immense toy, managed by clockwork, describes pictorially a complete battle, in which the Chinese are mowed down by the incredible prowess of the Japanese warriors. Chinese cavalry in flight, grovelling Chinese infantry, cowardly Chinese defenders of towns—these are some of the pleasing pictures which the ingenuity of Japan has provided for the delectation of her young. O Patriotism!

THE COMING "TWELFTH."

The General Election does not appear to have interfered to any great extent with the letting of grouse shootings. There may have been a slackness in the taking of forests, though it is not very appreciable; but there has been none in the taking of moors. And this is somewhat curious, for the last two stalking seasons were unusually successful—that of 1893, Lord Burton's year, was a record—and the same cannot be said of the last two shooting seasons. Deer, of course, suffered terribly during the prolonged severe winter; but, then so did grouse.

The course of this season has been, in the main, the reverse of that of 1894. The winter of 1893-94 was unusually favourable for the birds. They were healthy and plentiful when the nesting-time came on, and it was all that could be wished. But disaster followed with the nipping winds and frosts of May, and thus it was the young birds that suffered. The result was that on most moors, and on the high-lying especially, great sport was not looked for; and it was not got. Last winter, on the other hand, was one of the most trying within memory for grouse, and, indeed, for all game, and a greatly reduced stock was left for nesting. There followed, however, not only a favourable nesting season, but mild, healthy weather until the young birds were well on. Whether these were sufficient to retrieve the damage of the early months is a question which had best be left to the verdict of the sportsmen who go out on the Twelfth.

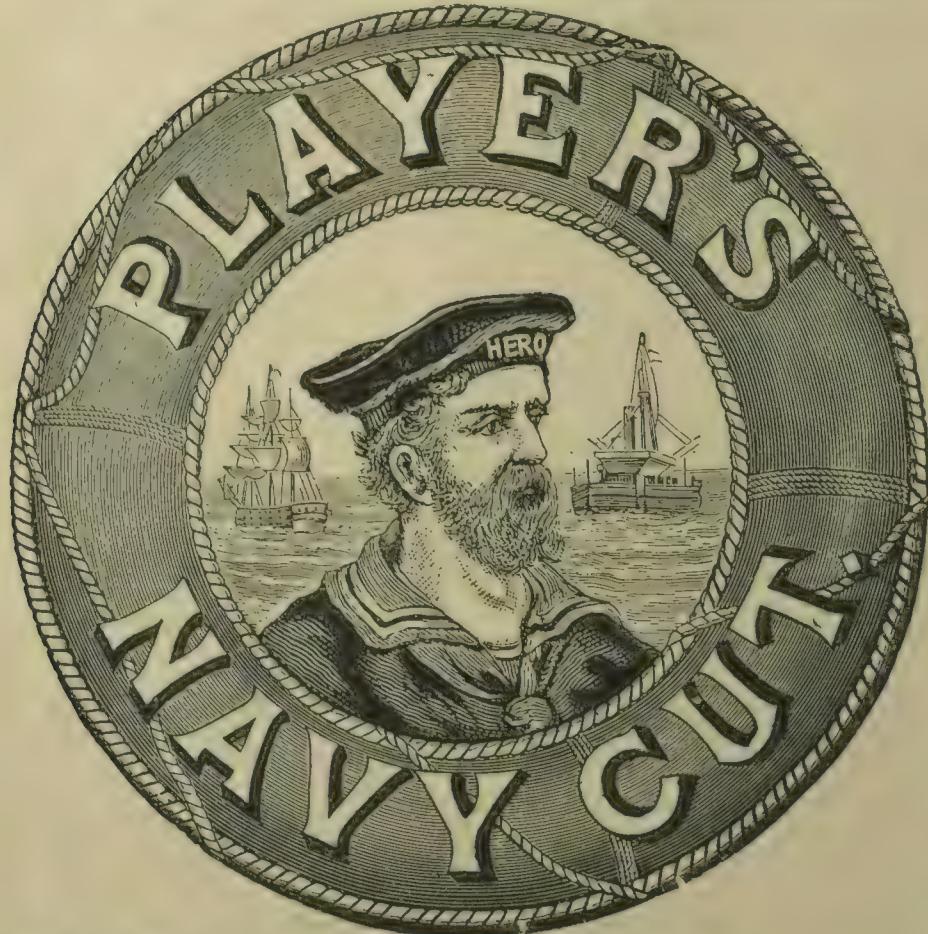
The damage done in the winter, at any rate, was excessive. Deer suffering from want of food were driven into the neighbourhood of town and village in search of it, and the keepers had a busy time of it coping with the dearth. Other game were in an equally bad case. The grouse came down from the high grounds to feed in the cultivated country. A correspondent in a contemporary drew a graphic picture of their evil plight in Yorkshire; thousands of them in February feeding in the hedge bottoms and on the hawthorn buds. One man who farms two hundred acres of land a few miles from the moors was said to have counted over fifty dead grouse on his farm alone, and to have picked up several others too weak to fly. It is not improbable that before the winter broke up in March, half the stock of birds had been destroyed.

All depended now on a favourable nesting and hatching-out season, and that, fortunately, was granted. The storm had had one good result, inasmuch as most of the weaklings had been killed off, leaving strong nesters. The keepers began to pluck up hope, and to issue those flattering reports which it does not require a great deal of hope to compile. We are told now that the season will be an average one, perhaps a little above the average. We hope it may be true, but we doubt it. But, so far, there is no word of disease.

D. S. M.

The Guildhall Loan Art Exhibition closed on Sunday evening, July 21, the number of visitors this season having been 262,810, with an average attendance on Sundays of 1500.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

When Balthazar Geraarts killed William the Silent on the steps of the Prinzenhof at Delft, there was not the slightest doubt as to the instigators of the crime. Stamboloff was not a William the Silent; nevertheless, his aim was equally lofty: he wished to emancipate his country from the tutelage of Russia, just as the founder of the Orange dynasty wished to free the Netherlands from the hated yoke of Spain. If Russia has had no hand in this matter, she has only to thank herself for the suspicion attaching to her by former intrigues in Bulgaria—intrigues which sent a liberal-minded prince and a worthy soldier prematurely to his grave. I am alluding to Alexander of Battenberg, who died two years ago a broken-hearted and disappointed man.

I am not an ardent admirer of Philip of Spain, the husband of Mary Tudor, but justice compels one to state that he made no secret of his hostility to William of Orange, that he had warned him openly that by fair means or foul he would endeavour to rid himself of the liberator of the Netherlands. The latter did all he could to checkmate Philip's designs; fate willed it otherwise. That saint on a throne, as some would have had us look upon the late Alexander III., was not quite so frank. To the world at large there was between him and his kinsman a kind of understanding which justified the Battenberg in being off his guard. He fostered no illusions as to the good feeling of the Czar towards him, but he might reasonably hope that he would refrain from vicarious attempts on his life. If Alexander of Battenberg did not fall beneath the assassin's knife, it was simply because the Romanoff—if Romanoff he was—did not have the pluck to carry out the whole of his plans; one item of which was that during his abduction Battenberg should mysteriously disappear. Those who are even slightly acquainted with Russian history know what to disappear mysteriously means.

Lest this should read like so much irresponsible assertion, I may be permitted to give one story, showing the Czar's animosity towards his cousin. It happened years ago, when both were lads. The Order of St. Andrew, as is well known, can only be conferred for signal bravery in the field, although it has lately been given to M. Félix Faure, the President of the French Republic, who, worthy as he may be in every respect, is no soldier. Well, years ago the two lads were in the room of Alexander II., who had just returned from a review. The little Battenberg was sitting on his uncle's knee and playing with the decoration. "I should like to wear that

one day," he said. "If you are brave you will," was the uncle's answer. "That he never will, if I can help it!" exclaimed the Czar's second son. At that time there was no prospect of his occupying the throne. I need not enlarge on Alexander of Battenberg's bravery and soldierly qualities during Bulgaria's campaign against Servia; but he never got the Cross of St. Andrew.

When Prince Alexander abdicated, Alexander III. transferred his dislike of his cousin to Stamboloff, or, to

speak by the card, he concentrated the whole of the dislike which hitherto these two had shared upon the statesman. The latter breathed more freely when Alexander III. died. He imagined that he would gradually convince Prince Ferdinand that Bulgaria's interests did not lie in a *rapprochement* with Russia. He also imagined that the young Czar would not continue the hole-and-corner policy of his father with regard to Bulgaria. The grandson of Louis Philippe and his clever mother, Princess Clémentine, are of a diametrically opposed opinion with regard to a *rapprochement* with Russia. Princess Clémentine would not be the clever woman she is if she did not know by this time that her son is not made of the stuff circumstances fashion great men of, and that the goodwill of Russia would give him what he likes most—a kind of dignified, dull leisure, varied now and then by visits to the Courts of Europe. Stamboloff was preparing his active campaign against that scheme; that is why he was murdered.

What is the share of Prince Ferdinand in this? I should not like to say, for I may admit at once that I am not an impartial looker-on. I have read too much about the death of the last of the Condés, by which death the Duc d'Aumale came into his enormous fortune. I am too prejudiced against the d'Orléans, and I will not allow my prejudices to run away with me.

I only saw Stamboloff once in my life, at a soirée in Vienna some years ago. He was rather short, somewhat thick-set, with a bullet head, a short beard, and piercing dark eyes. I listened to him for more than half an hour, and he gave me the impression of being a man of parts. He was very impatient of contradiction, and at such times the blood rushed to his head. But a moment afterwards he recovered his coolness, and then his sentences came with remarkable clearness in a rather strident voice.



ROTHERHAM CHALLENGE CUP, LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION.

The Prince and Princess of Wales attended the show of the Ladies' Kennel Association held at Barn Elms, and her Royal Highness, as patron, presented Mrs. Addis with the Rotherham Challenge Cup for the "Champion of Champions," won by the Japanese toy spaniel Dai Butzn II., the property of Mrs. Addis. The cup is of an elegant modified Greek form, with richly chased side handles, and fluted foot and body. The upper portion of the vase is decorated with a finely executed frieze, composed of all the various breeds of dogs. The cup was manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Limited, of 22, Regent Street, London.

The new Dean of Canterbury, the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, so well known as Archdeacon and Canon of Westminster and Rector of St. Margaret's, and as Chaplain of the House of Commons, has been presented by the parishioners whom he is leaving with a testimonial of his services, which consists of a silver bowl and a handsome gift of money. In accepting this gift on Monday evening, July 22, at a meeting in the Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey, he said that he hoped to apply the money to complete the collection of portraits of the Deans of Canterbury preserved at the Deanery where he will henceforth reside.

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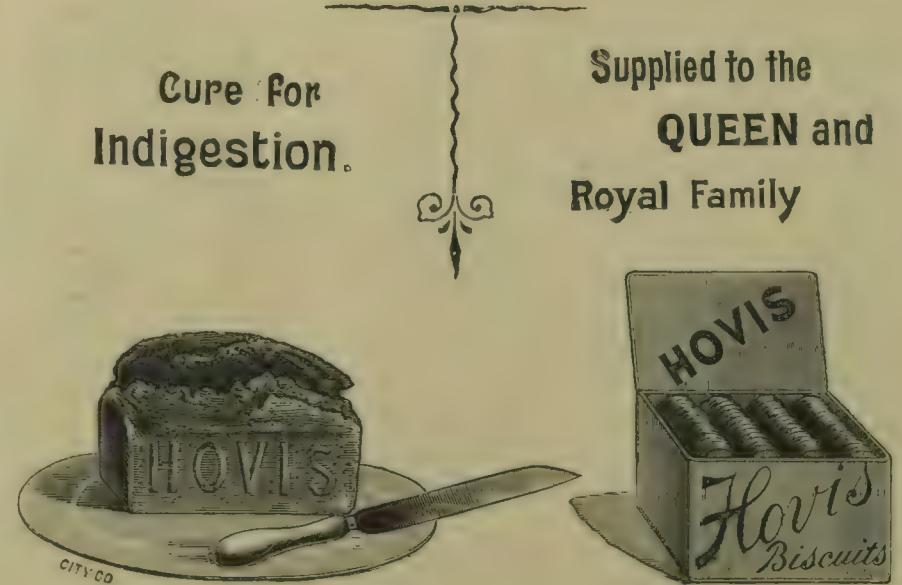
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Fast Trains at Ordinary First, Second, and Third-Class Fares leave London for Portsmouth, Southsea, and the Isle of Wight every Day except as under:

From Victoria, 6.35, 10.30, and 11.35 a.m., 1.45, 3.55, and 4.55 p.m., also at 7.15 p.m. for Portsmouth only, all calling at Clapham Junction.

From Kensington (Addison Road), 6.5, 10.10, and 11.10 a.m., 1.25, 3.40, and 4.20 p.m., also at 6.30 p.m. for Portsmouth only, all calling at West Brompton and Chelsea.

From London Bridge, 10.25 and 11.40 a.m., 1.50, 4, and 4.55 p.m., also at 7.25 p.m. for Portsmouth only.

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FAST TRAINS FROM VICTORIA, for Pulborough, Midhurst, Singleton, Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Drayton, Chichester, Horsham, Petersfield, Portsmouth (the Isle of Wight).

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Horses and Carriages for the above Stations will not be conveyed by any other Trains from Victoria on these days.

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A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (Third Class only) will leave Victoria 8.40 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 8.25 a.m., Clapham Junction 8.45 a.m., London Bridge 8.40 a.m., direct to Singleton, arriving about 11 a.m. Return Fare, 10s. 3d.

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TICKETS may be obtained previously at the London Bridge and Victoria Offices, at the City Office, 6, Arthur Street East, and at the West-End Offices, 28, Regent Street, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, which last two offices will remain open till 10 p.m. on July 26, 27, 28, 30, 31, and August 1.

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For Full Particulars see Time Books and Handbills, to be obtained at the Stations, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West-End Offices, 28, Regent Street, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; City Offices; 6, Arthur Street East, and Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand. (By Order) A. SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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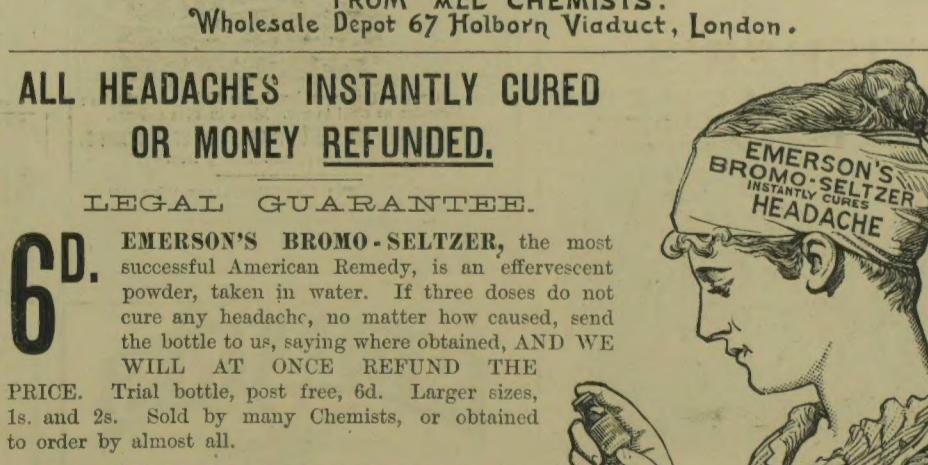
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THE ROYAL OPERA.

With the performance on Saturday, July 20, of "La Navarraise" at Covent Garden, with Calvé, of course, as the heroine, the season's novelties came to an end. This is an opera which, as is well known, was written expressly for this singer, and it is unlikely that there is any human creature living who is capable of accepting the part so triumphantly and so successfully. The music is a French variant of "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci," lacking in large part the vulgarity of the first and the impulse of the second. The melody is particularly uninteresting, although it has been much praised; nevertheless it has a certain swing and power which make it impossible for us to deny to it either strength or vitality. Calvé, of course, was superb in the part of the heroine. She sang with her own amazing clarity of voice and distinction of quality, and she acted with a sincerity and a realisation which were little short of marvellous. The mad scene at the end has probably only once before been surpassed by herself, in a part not familiar to English opera-goers, in the Ophelia of Thomas's "Amlète." For the rest, M. Plançon's General was a fine piece of characterisation, and M. Bonnard, as the hero, was positively passionate. The orchestra was excellent.

This is, therefore, an excellent opportunity for reviewing the general operatic work of a somewhat remarkable season.

DEATH.

On July 13, at the Wergs, Ostend, Jane, widow of the late Richard Fryer, Esq., of The Wergs Cottage, Woking, Surrey, aged 58.

NEW STORY BY S. R. CROCKETT.

NOTICE.—THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for AUGUST contains the second instalment of a new SERIAL STORY by S. R. CROCKETT, Author of "The Raiders," "The Stickit Minister," &c. entitled,

CLEG KELLY, ARAB OF THE CITY: His Progress and Adventures;

and the following contributions: IN CHALET LAND.—AN OUT-OF-DATE REFORMER.—THE PLACE OF THE SACRED BO-TREE.—THANKSGIVING AT THE FARM.—THE LAND OF THE BANDIT; and THE SOWERS, by Henry Seton Merriman, Chaps. XXV. to XXVIII.

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LYCEUM.—Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON. THIS SATURDAY NIGHT, NAUZE OLDFIELD, A STORY OF WATERLOO, and the Church Scene from MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 till 5. Seat also booked by letter or telegram.

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We say remarkable, because Sir Augustus Harris has conclusively proved that about which we all had been very dubious—that the public really cares very little for the opera which is provided for it, if only a singer of considerable reputation is set down for a chief part in its production. About four years ago, when the Wagnerian furore was at its height in England, it was confidently asserted that the musical taste of the public was at last purged, and that the day of the old Italian Opera was over and dead. When, at Covent Garden, "Die Walküre" or "Die Meistersinger" was, on an off night, exchanged for "Il Trovatore" or "Rigoletto," the house was practically deserted. The dirge of Italian opera was sung, its knell was rung: it had gone home and taken its wages. Yet this year Sir Augustus Harris had but to ring the public back to Covent Garden with a Tamagno, a Patti, a Melba, an Eames, or a Calvé, and "Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto," "La Traviata," "Le Prophète," "Faust," "Il Barbiere" filled the house from ceiling to floor. The old encores were shouted for with boundless enthusiasm, and, for all practical purposes, we have been strolling about in the slippers of our grandfathers. Novelties in the strict sense there have been, with the exception of Mr. Cowen's "Harold," none; and it has been with the greatest difficulty that even so old a friend as "Tannhäuser" has contrived to make his appearance. As we said last week, Mozart's exquisite "Le Nozze di

Figaro" has been, perhaps, the greatest artistic success of the season, in which Madame Eames even compensated for the disappointment she inflicted on us by her colourless impersonation of Elizabeth. Signor Alvarez has placed himself at the head of the tenor list, so far as this year's performances are concerned—if we make the obvious exception of Tamagno, who literally took the town by storm. Yes, it has been a remarkable season; and it has falsified many prophecies.

BANK HOLIDAY ON THE CONTINENT.

For holiday-makers visiting Holland and the Amsterdam Exhibition the Great Eastern Railway Company will issue cheap return tickets on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 2 and 3, via Harwich and the Hook of Holland. Special facilities are also offered to passengers visiting Germany by the same route, particularly for those travelling direct from the northern and midland counties, whence they can start in the afternoon, or from London in the evening, reaching the chief Dutch cities early next morning, Cologne in the afternoon, and Berlin in the evening, by through carriages, this being the cheapest route to Germany. Short Belgian tours, including Brussels (for Waterloo), the Ardennes, and the picturesque Flemish cities, have been arranged via the Harwich-Antwerp route. Passengers leaving on Friday or Saturday, Aug. 2 or 3, reach the Ardennes next afternoon, and can return on Monday in time to reach London early on Tuesday morning. The General Steam Navigation Company's steamers will leave Harwich for Hamburg on July 31 and Aug. 3, returning Aug. 4 and 6.

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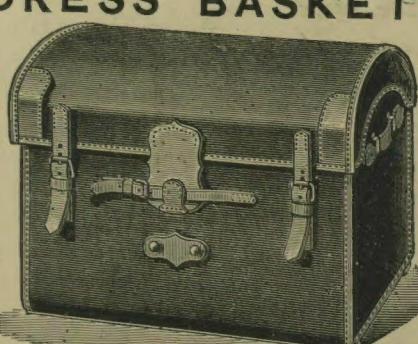
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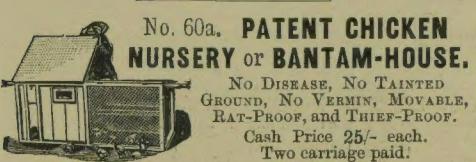
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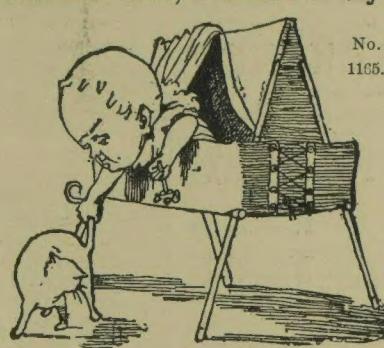
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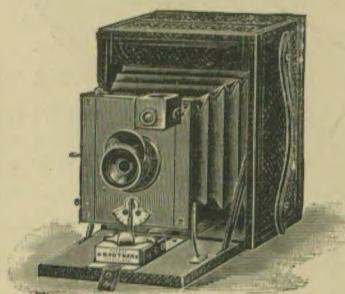
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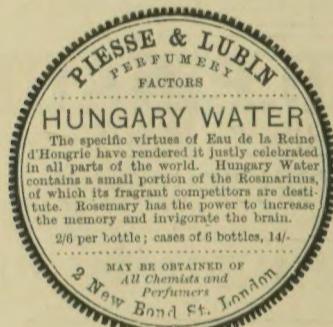
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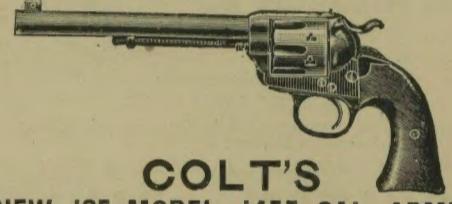
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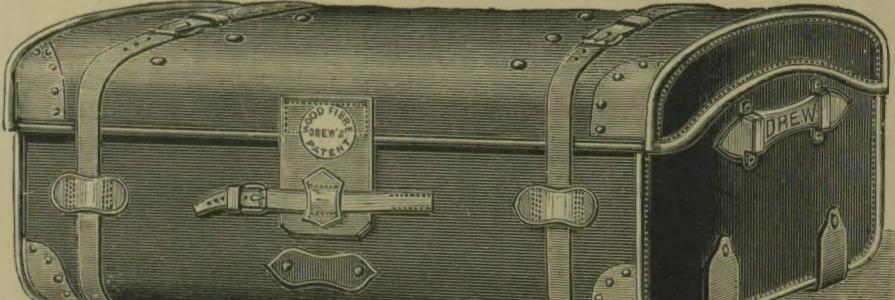
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